

Sports Illustrated

MAY 15, 1961 25 CENTS



COOKIE LAVAGETTO
OF THE MINNESOTA TWINS



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Contents

MAY 15, 1961 Volume 14, Number 21

Cover photograph by Mark Kaufman

20 Carry Back in Front

Making up 13 lengths in the stretch, Carry Back won the Kentucky Derby, beating Custer in the last 40 yards

26 Udall at the Bridge

The Secretary of the Interior provides thrills, chills and food for thought in a threatened wilderness area

28 Odds and Dolls and a Fast Finish

Sam Snead won at Las Vegas, but almost as impressive as the golf were the girls and the gamblers

33 What Makes This Girl So Happy?

Nobody could possibly answer without being accused of eustachology

38 Not Such a Tough Cookie

The soft-spoken manager of the Minnesota Twins, Cookie Lavagetto, is a man of warmth and humor

57 A Tire Salesman with Horse Sense

Ray Firestone is equally at home with speed cars at Indianapolis and Thoroughbred hunters in Ohio

62 Long Search for Soviet Trout

An American diplomat in Moscow finds that Russian fish can be as elusive as Russian politics

76 Don't Call Me Honest

Beginning the story of Jack Hurley, the colorful old manager who makes fighters out of sons' cars

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 75 Charles Green |
| 18 Coming Events | 97 Baseball's Week |
| 46 Boxing | 98 For the Record |
| 71 Boating | 99 19th Hole |

100 Put on the Back



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Acknowledgments on page 10

Next week

As summer approaches, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents a special 16-page supplement on beaches that includes:

- Five pages of color photographs showing the moods of the American seashore from Cape Cod to California.
- An appreciation of the water's edge by Colin Pinckney, who interprets the beach lovers from the beach fronts.
- An original short story by Clare Boothe Luce, in which a man who has found room at the top takes a long, long swim.
- The bright new fashions for the beach—four pages in color.





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POINT OF FACT

An outdoor track gain in excite the memory and increase the knowledge of the fans and the armchair experts

7 How are they decided in track events?

• If there is a tie between two competitors in a qualifying heat, both move up to the final. If a tie for first place occurs in a final, the referee decides whether a runoff is practicable. Other places remain as a tie.

7 a) What five events make up the pentathlon and b) which of these five is not also part of the decathlon?

• a) The five events in the pentathlon are running broad jump, javelin throw, 200-meter run, discus throw and 1,500-meter run. b) There is no 200-meter run in the decathlon. Decathlon events are 100-meter run, running broad jump, shotput, rising high jump, 400-meter run, 110-meter hurdles, discus throw, pole vault, javelin throw and 1,500-meter run.

7 If all three watches during a race disagree, what is the official time for the race?

• The watch recording the middle time (not the average of the three) is considered to show the official time.

7 Two runners in a 100-yard dash finish in an apparent tie. A photo-finish device is available but the judges do not examine the picture, and declare Runner A the winner. Does Runner B have an appeal?

• Yes. A competitor may ask the chief judge to review the photograph with the other

continued

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POINT OF FACT *continued*

judges. If the judges fail to agree, the picture is shown to the referee, who makes the final decision.

7 *Runner A falls at the finish of a dash with his built-in flippers; crosses the line. Runner B, finishes an instant behind. Who is the winner?*

• **Runner B is the winner.** A runner who falls is not considered to have finished the race unless his entire body crosses the line.

7 *Would an automobile tire be considered an essential piece of equipment in a track race?*

• **Yes.** For distance races of 10,000 meters or over, the rules call for vehicles to be on hand to transport athletes who become fatigued, injured or unable to continue.

7 *A runner reports to the starting clerk without shoes. Is he disqualified?*

• **No.** Athletes may compete in bare feet or with a single shoe if they wish.

7 *How long is a pole vault runway?*

• **The length of a pole vault runway is unlimited.** A suggested minimum is 147 feet 6 inches, but this is not required.

7 *In a 220-yard hurdle race, Runner A finishes first, but knocks down the last hurdle. Runner B finishes second without hitting any hurdles. Who is the winner?*

• **Runner A is the winner.** There is no penalty for knocking any hurdle down, provided the runner has gone over each hurdle.

7 *Runner A runs a mile under the world record time of 3:54.3 with a strong wind at his back. Would this be a new record?*

• **Yes.** Wind velocity is not considered an aid in races over 220 yards. In races on straight courses, an aiding wind of over 4½ mph negates a record time.

7 *When does an athlete forfeit his amateur standing?*

• **There are many infractions for which an amateur can be declared a professional.** Some of the reasons include: 1) entering a competition for money, 2) selling prize received in competition, 3) entering under a false name, 4) competing against a professional and 5) coaching a sport for pay.

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too chic
to be
champ ?

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POINT OF FACT *continued*

7 *Is a runner penalized for a false start?*

• There is no penalty for the first false start. The starter will fire his pistol to recall the runners. If there is a second false start by any competitor, the starter will then disqualify him from the race.

7 *On a turn, Runner A steps out of his lane and crosses in front of Runner B. Is this allowed?*

• This situation is a judgment call on the part of the referee. If the referee rules that Runner A has not interfered with another runner or with the normal conduct of the race, he is not penalized for stepping out of his lane.

7 *In the shotgun, Athlete A uses his personal shot. Athlete B then desires to use the same shot. Will he be allowed to use it?*

• Yes. Implements belonging to individuals, providing they meet specifications, may be used in an event. However, the shot would then be considered as part of the meet equipment and be available to any contestant.

7 *A pole vaulter clears the crossbar, but the pole falls under the bar. Is this a legal vault?*

• No. If a vaulter's pole passes under the crossbar, the vault will be recorded as a miss.

7 *How many barriers must a runner clear in the 5000-meter steeplechase?*

• He must clear a total of 28 hurdles, each 3 feet high, and seven water jumps, each 2 feet 6 inches deep.

7 *An athlete throws the javelin. While in mid-air, the javelin cracks in half. Is this a legal throw?*

• No. If a javelin breaks in flight, provided the throw was made legally, the attempt will not be counted as a trial.

7 *The current mile record is 3:54.5, set by Herb Elliott of Australia, Aug. 6, 1958 at Dublin, Ireland. How does this differ from the first recorded mile record?*

• Elliott's time was more than a minute better than the first recorded mile record. The first listed one-mile record is 4:56.0, set by Charles Lanyon of Great Britain on March 5, 1868.

—MAURY ALLEN



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In 1930, without starting blocks, Frank Wykoff became the first man ever to run the 100-yard dash in 9.4. In 1931, he helped set a world record for the 440 yard relay: 40.8. And in the 1936 Olympics he ran on the team that sliced the 400 meter mark to 39.8.

His ability to make records, to break records—both as an individual and as a member of a team—serves as an example of the sportsmanship and physical fitness that are part of America's heritage.

Our national leaders have pointed out the importance of physical fitness at this time in history. They have

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SCORECARD

MISSING HORSE

This year's Kentucky Derby notwithstanding (see page 26), the best 3-year-old horse in the country may still be Brookmeade Stable's Bowl of Flowers, who won six of eight races and \$198,706 last season, and in her first start of 1961 last Thursday casually galloped away from a field of four.

Elfiot Burch, Bowl of Flowers' trainer and the same young man who helped to make Sword Dancer the Horse of the Year in 1959, stood by his barn at New York's Belmont Park the morning after the race and answered a few questions about his filly.

Q. The Brookmeade Stable had nominated Bowl of Flowers for the Triple Crown. Why did you decide not to start her in the Derby?

A. Mrs. Sloane [Isabel Dodge Sloane, Brookmeade's owner] and I both felt that it was more important for her to win the Triple Crown for fillies, and we still think so. Bowl of Flowers will run in the \$50,000 Acorn on May 20, \$75,000 Mother Goose on June 10 and the \$100,000 Coaching Club American Oaks on June 24.

Q. Some people have thought all along that Bowl of Flowers could have beaten this year's 3-year-old colts without too much trouble. Was a lot of pressure put on you to try the Triple Crown race?

A. Yes, although pressure is probably not the right word. An inordinate amount of interest might be a better way of expressing it.

Q. Neither Mrs. Sloane nor yourself has ever won a CCA Oaks, although you had a good chance in 1958 with Big Effort. How would you rate Bowl of Flowers with Big Effort?

A. I'd say that Big Effort was no such horse as Bowl of Flowers.

Q. Won't there now be "an inordinate amount of interest" to get her to run in the Preakness and the Belmont?

A. I suppose so, but she won't run in either.

Q. She hasn't raced in five months; why?

A. Over a winter many good fillies

lose their ability. We didn't want this one to. We didn't want to rush her. We would rather have her tell us when she is ready to run.

Q. When will you run with the best of the colts?

A. Probably in the fall.

Q. How would you rate her with Sword Dancer at a similar stage?

A. That wouldn't be fair to either Bowl of Flowers or Sword Dancer. I'd rather wait a few months before answering that.

All lovers of racing must hope for a meeting this fall between Bowl of Flowers and the winner(s) of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and Belmont.

THE UPSTART

The American Football League, which had a bad season financially in 1960, is already busy promoting its product for 1961. In New York, for instance, Harry Warner's Titans have taken two radio sports shows to help increase their ticket sales to the 17,000-per-game average they need to break even.

"I will admit that I lost \$450,000 on the Titans last year and \$75,000 on the league as a whole," Warner said recently.

"Aside from the radio shows, we are getting corporations to give their employees Titan tickets as part of their incentive programs. If a civic or fraternal group buys 100 tickets to a Titan game the Titans will provide them with a bus to and from the ball park. We're going to have a special blue-and-gold section between the 30-yard lines so that people can have a feeling of being together and rooting for the ol' home-town team. We've approved our contract to play in the new Flushing Meadows Stadium and hope to be in there by 1962. Once we get people in, our policy is going to be different from anywhere else in New York—start 'em right! You know why New York has become a bad sports town? It's because the promoters haven't treated people right for years. Just open up the gates and take in the money, that's been the policy."

Over the winter months the National

Football League had accepted some pointers from the upstart American League. On-the-field fights will be televised by the NFL this year, a direct copy of the AFL's policy. The New York World's Fair committee is toying with the idea of having the AFL champions play the NFL champions in 1966. We'd bet that the American League would be willing to play.

SING ALONG WITH JACK

As Jack Kramer's professional tennis troupe goes across the country, it is helping to plug a song called *It's Tennis* (words and music by Perry Botkin; copyright 1961 by Longridge Music, Inc.). A patron, if interested, can buy a record of *It's Tennis* for \$1 or the sheet music for 60¢. The tune is played



over the public-address system between matches, and Jack Kramer urges: "Listen for it and sing with us." Herewith the words:

Tennis . . . let's watch 'em play

Tennis . . . let's see 'em play

Turn your head right . . . turn your head left

Tennis . . . that happy game

Tennis . . . exciting game

Cause we're out . . . join in the fun

The ring of the racket as it hits the ball

The sound of the ball as it hits the court

Watching the players, the crowd in the stands

We love this game best of all

Tennis . . . the greatest game

Tennis . . . we're glad for this

Racket and ball . . . game for us all

It's Tennis . . .

Well, the word love didn't kill tennis, so we doubt if this song will.

continued



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SCORECARD *(continued)*

EAST OF CHARACTERS

- Roy Smalley, former shortstop for the Chicago Cubs and now manager of the Class C Reno Silver Sox in the California League, explaining how he will handle his team this year: "I'm going to ask these boys to do as I say, not as I do. One year I led the National League in errors. They named a vitamin after me that year—Osc-A-Day."
- Woody Hayes, football coach at Ohio State, questioning Danny Murtaugh, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates: "Tell me, Danny, how do you fight complacency on your ball club?" Murtaugh: "If I knew what it meant maybe I'd know how to fight it."
- Spencer Eddy, one of New York State's harness racing commissioners, discussing the problems of getting trotting tracks to accept some of the ideas of running tracks: "Many harness men do not like to mention the name of their competition. Some even cringe at the word Aqueduct and would like me never to use it. Well, I'll be damned if I'm going to refer to Aqueduct as the 36c spread."

THE BAD NEW DAYS

Connie Mack III retired quietly from the public-relations staff of the Kansas City Athletics the other day. Young Connie, 31, made the usual statements about the parting being amicable, but he told a reporter, "It wasn't the Athletics for me any more."

As a young boy of 12, Connie III began working for his famous grandfather, Cornelius McGillicuddy (Connie Mack), as a bat boy. His memories of life with grandpa provide some new insights into the old man's ideas and activities as a manager.

"Once I remember some runners got mixed up and passed each other on the base paths," Connie III says. "It was a terrible mess, and the umpires were as confused as anyone. My grandfather always wore street clothes in the dugout, and so never went on the field. But the umpires came over to him and he straightened the whole thing out for them."

"I roomed with grandfather on the road. He always left the room at exactly 7:55 so he could make breakfast at 8. But he wouldn't let me get up. 'When you're young,' he told me, 'you need more rest.'"

"He managed until he was 88, quitting in 1950, six years before he died. And do you know what he said after

(continued)

FACES IN THE CROWD



MATT POSE, high jumper (Texas Tech), sophomore, who says he can't run sprints, contributed to two other events at national track meet at Missouri City, won the 720-cent dash, 88-meter hurdles, high and broad jumps, ran on winning 440-yard relay team.



DAVE BROWN, forward (Maple Leaf soccer club), who scored 50 goals and has 25 assists last season, pulled 155 of 1,000 100 yards in winning Calder Memorial Trophy as NHE (United States) "most productive first year athlete" (1990), was awarded \$1,000.



MARY MILLS, 21-year-old swimmer at Mississippi College in Jackson, Miss., won women's state amateur golf title for the eighth consecutive year, becoming Miss Heath Burness of Ocean Springs, Miss., 4 and 3 in a 36-hole final at Fox Chasee Golf Club.



JOHN EGAN of Skokie, Ill., defeated Vic Benikowicz of Brooklyn 21, 18, 21, 13 to take the national basketball singles title at Denver, also coming within 10 points to take double-double from Rudy and Owen Chiles of New York City 18, 21, 21, 21.



CHRIS TARRANTO, 6-foot-1, 185-pound senior at Notre Dame U.S. in Bileco, Miss., pitched his eighth no-hitter of regular season, struck out 12, walked one in 5-0 triumph over St. Martin's U.S. of North Bileco, Miss., finished season with perfect 9-0 record.



VERNON COOK, captain of Austin (Texas) school, transferred Austin to three goals in his 100th victory against San Antonio (Texas) by tying up two goals and scoring one himself, scored six points in leading team with five goals as he led Austin to 13-0 triumph.

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SCORECARD *continued*

managing 50 years? He said, "I think I mismanaged one year too long." Outside of baseball the biggest things in his life were boxing and "the movies," Conline III continues. "He knew the name and record of almost every boxer in the world, and took me to hundreds of movies, everything from *Gene with the Wind* to *Dillinger*. Sometimes I think of him as two different men—a great baseball figure and my granddad who took me to the movies."

Today's Athletics have a bull park painted desert turquoise and citrus yellow, a mechanical rabbit that hands baseballs to the umpire, a mechanical plate duster and fireworks after night games. For the first time in 60 years, however, the Athletics do not have a Mack.

JACK DEMPSEY'S PLAN

"Like it, it is no good," Jack Dempsey said last week about the game of his life, and he had some remedies to propose. "We gotta clean boxing up and build it up," he said. "But it's a federal case. Fight managers can't get together and do it, state politicians won't." He thinks Senator Estes Kefauver is on the right track, and that a federal boxing commissioner would be an advance in the needed direction. The states, he says, have differing and conflicting rules and regulations, and one state won't go along with another state's decisions. "If a fighting man does something wrong, it doesn't matter if it's Massachusetts or California, he shouldn't fight anywhere."

"Sonny Listen!" Dempsey asked. "He should do what Senator Kefauver tells him to do about a manager. Radio-macher? He needs a manager himself."

Dempsey believes the best way to build up boxing is to bring it back to the small clubs. "We aren't giving American boys a chance," he says. "Nobody owes anybody a living, and nobody owes me anything, but everybody's entitled to a chance. If we limit TV fights to the championships and get the rest of the fights back in the clubs, we might develop fighters and managers."

He also advocates a pension fund for fighters, the same as baseball players have. "Take 10% off the top," he suggests, "and then guys at 50 won't be broke the way most fighters are today."

Dempsey would like to see the point system and judges abolished, and he thinks the old Marquess of Queensberry rules are still good enough. "One good

continued

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SCORECARD continued

referee is all you need," he says. "Now you get confusion, and it costs money. Another thing I don't like," Dempsey adds, "is all these return bouts. Patterson fights Johansson, Johansson fights Patterson, Patterson fights Johansson. When Tunney beat me, Tex Rickard said to me, 'You don't fight him back, you fight Sharkey.' I did, I got lucky, and I won. You shouldn't start over again at the top, you should work up to it again."

THE WIND HAS NO REASON

Standing near the tail of his bigrig *Albatross* as she pushed across the Gulf of Mexico, Chris Sheldon saw that the sea was calm. It was almost 9 a.m. Tuesday, May 2. On board with Sheldon was a crew of teen-age boys and their teachers, who for the past seven months had been cruising and holding school classes on the 92-foot vessel. Five people were standing watch with Sheldon, the other 13 were below.

During the early hours of the morning watch, *Albatross* had startled in and out of minor rain squalls. The squalls, common in the Gulf at this time of year, had no real power in them. There was no reason to shorten sail, no reason to believe the wind would get dangerously stronger, no reason to think that anything out of the ordinary was going to happen. Then, suddenly, with no warning but with frightening power, a blast of wind struck the *Albatross* and knocked her flat onto her starboard side. (Later some of the boys called the blow a white squall, a vicious, sometimes tornadoic wind that charms the water to a froth. Sheldon disagreed, but that morning the radar of the Key West weather station showed four tornado-like disturbances near the *Albatross*.)

The ocean poured in through open hatches onto the horrified watch below. Eight people fought their way up against the cascading water. Five others, among them Sheldon's wife, could not. On deck one lifeboat broke loose and floated clear. Eighteen-year-old John Goodlett tried to fire another, but as he worked, *Albatross* sank, taking him with her. Moments later, Goodlett's lifeboat bobbed to the surface, but Goodlett stayed down, the sixth to die. Sheldon and 12 other survivors climbed into the two lifeboats—and quite suddenly the terrible wind was gone, washed over the calm sea where it had been born.

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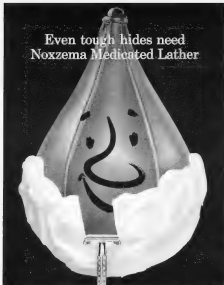


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COMING EVENTS

May 12 to May 18

All times are E.S.T.

★ Color television ♦ Television ■ Record radio

Friday, May 12

- BASEBALL**
Mets beat @ San Francisco.
- WRESTLING**
Sunbelters Open, Houston (through May 14).

Saturday, May 13

- BASEBALL**
♦ Baltimore at Cleveland, 2 p.m. (CBS).
- ♦ Cincinnati at Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (NBC).
- BOATING**
Vanderbilt Motor race (1981), Seattle.
- BOWLING**
♦ Bowling Stars, Weber vs. Wile, 5 p.m. (NBC).
- ♦ "PBA National Invitational Tournament," World Bowling Sports, 4:30 p.m. (ABC).
- BOXING**
♦ Scott vs. Corrales, welter, 30 lbs., New York, 10 p.m. (ABC).
- DOG SHOW**
Springfield Kennel Club show, West Springfield, Mass.
- HORSE RACING**
Paso Fino Stakes, \$75,000, Golden Gate Park, No. 3, Delmar, 1:25 (CBS).
- ♦ Welter, \$100,000, Aqueduct, N.Y. (Sports Network regional TV, NBC radio).
- HORSE SHOW**
London Hunt show, London, Va.
- HUNT RACE MEETING**
Radnor Hunt races, Radnor, Pa.
- WRESTLING**
NCTA Nationals, Cumberland, Md. (also May 14).
- BASEBALL**
Adams Cup (Harvard, Navy, Penn), Cambridge, Mass.
- Carnegie Cup (Cornell, Princeton, Yale), Princeton, N.J.
- East Van Regatta, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Wash., Wisconsin at Madison, Wis., San Jose and Washington, Richmond, Calif., Calif.
- TRUCK & FIELD**
Hexagonal Games, Philadelphia.
- West Coast Riders, Fresno, Calif.

Sunday, May 14

- BASEBALL**
♦ Cincinnati at Pittsburgh, 2 p.m. (NBC).
- ♦ Detroit at New York, 2 p.m. (CBS).
- DOG SHOW**
William County Kennel Club show, Williamsport, Pa.
- GOLF**
♦ Liberty Golf Assoc., Fred MacPherson vs. Sam Snead, 3 p.m. (NBC).
- HORSE RACING**
Monaco Grand Prix, Monte Carlo.
- WRESTLING**
AAL 48 Kix Championship, Los Angeles.

Monday, May 15

- BASEBALL**
Cubs beat @ San Francisco.
- Detroit at Baltimore.

Tuesday, May 16

- TENNIS**
International Championships of France, Paris, France (through May 28).

Wednesday, May 17

- HORSE RACING**
Carter, \$20,000, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Thursday, May 18

- BASEBALL**
Hot Springs Open, \$10,000, Hot Springs, Ark. (through May 21).
- San Jose Invitational, \$10,000, Quaker-Helpful Springs, W. Va. (through May 21).
- HORSE RACING**
♦ "Triple Crown," Summer Sports Spectacular, 7:30 p.m. (CBS).
- HANDBALL**
National Championship Pool, \$10,000, Yonkers, N.Y.
- RACING**
100-Mile Road Race, Tri-State, Mexico (through May 20).
- WRESTLING**
A.A.W. vs. M.W. Indian Champs., San Francisco (also May 19).

♦ See local listing.

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**Sports
Illustrated**
MAY 10, 1961

CARRY BACK



IN FRONT

Making up 13 lengths in the stretch, Carry Back (10) —the horse with "no breeding"—overtakes Crozier 40 yards from the wire (below). For Whitney Tower's story of how he won the Kentucky Derby, turn page





THE MAN WHO WAS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT

by WHITNEY TOWER

For days before last week's 87th running of the Kentucky Derby, Jack Price, the co-owner and trainer of favored Carry Back, had managed to make himself about as popular with Louisville boosters as a patch of poison ivy on a nursery school playground. Reprising a theme song which seems to have a Jack Price copyright and one which he has sung for seven months now in New Jersey, Florida and New York, Price consigned racing tradition to the birds. Money, he insisted to hundreds of inquiring visitors at Churchill Downs' Barn 42, was the sole objective of his trip south from Aqueduct. Carry Back, he pointed out, already had won \$492,368, and Carry Back, he was certain, was about to win him another \$120,500.

"Sure, I'll be happy to keep the cup they give away," he said, "and I don't mind the prestige of being on the winners' list. But to me this is just the seventh race on Saturday, May 6."

Kentuckians couldn't have been more horrified if Price had told them that their beloved bourbon was only 60 proof. But the amazing thing about Derby Week in Louisville was that absolutely everything Jack Price had to say about Carry Back and the field of 14 who opposed him last Saturday was precisely on target.

Price showed up in the press box to watch the one-mile Derby Trial five days

before the big race. After seeing his arch-rival, Crozier, set a track record of 1:34.3/5 while beating California's speedy Four-and-Twenty, Price roamed among the typewriters and gave anybody interested in listening his own expert opinion. Looking squarely at the reporters, including many from the West Coast and Canada who were there to record the feats of Four-and-Twenty and his Alberta Ranches stablemate, Flatterby, Price announced, "I've thought all along our eastern 3-year-olds could beat those California horses. Now, Crozier's win makes Carry Back look better than ever, and as far as I'm concerned the Derby is between Carry Back and Crozier."

Of course, not everybody believed him, and by Saturday night the disbelievers had a big case of the regrets. For exactly as Price had said it would be, the 87th Derby was ultimately resolved between those two. The stretch run, in which Carry Back made up 13 lengths in a quarter of a mile to beat Crozier, will be remembered as one of the great finishes of this classic—even in a race where drama at the wire is the rule rather than the exception.

This was a tremendous race despite the unusual fact that virtually every soul in the creaking old joint knew exactly what the strategy would be and exactly which horses would dictate it. Globemaster, winner of the Wood Memorial, Crozier and Four-and-Twenty were the speed. Barring a horrendous traffic jam at the start, they could be counted upon to fly out of the gate and have at each other for as long as each could last. Carry Back, Flatterby, Dr. Miller and Baw Clef would be way back awaiting the collapse up front and the precise moment to move. Somewhere in the middle Sherlock and Ambiguise would be

waiting to make a somewhat shorter move of their own, once the leaders showed the first sign of weariness.

At his barn the morning before the race, Price dug out a file in which he had all of Carry Back's racing charts together with his own penned impressions. "Now, in the Wood Memorial," he noted, "we were 12 or 13 lengths off the pace on the backstretch. Too far out of it, and not enough time to make it up. The Flamingo was ideal. We were never more than five or six lengths off the pace. We'll pattern the Derby strategy after the Flamingo, although I wouldn't mind being as many as 12 lengths behind here. The distance is greater, and the leaders will probably come back to us faster after trying to carry their speed a mile and an eighth."

At the start, sure enough, there went Globemaster, with Four-and-Twenty right after him and Crozier third. The Wood winner took only 23.4/5 seconds to cover the first quarter of a mile, and even Johnny Longden on Four-and-Twenty was surprised. "I didn't think there was a horse around that could outrun as for the first quarter," he said later. Up the backstretch, while Globemaster was still rolling along on the lead, his two closest pursuers stuck together. The rest of the field seemed to be having a pleasant little race of their own some six lengths behind. Carry Back had been 11th going by the stands the first time, about 13 lengths behind Globemaster. After going half a mile he was still 11th, but now Jockey John Sellers had him a frightening 16 lengths away from the front end.

Sellers makes his move

Past the half-mile pole and into the far turn, the leaders held the pace over a tiring and holding track (the result of a long, steady rain the day and night before), and Sellers decided it was high time to move. "I shook my stick at him a few times to get him on the bit. I clucked to him, and he took off like the little man that he is."

But Carry Back had a long way to go, and his chances of making it at this point hardly looked good. Globemaster was still setting the pace, having covered the half mile in 47.3/5 and the first three quarters in 1:11.2/5. But around the far turn Globemaster started to

continued

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TEARS FOR A WINNER are shed by Janet Sellers, who wept happily through a stream of authentic hot-pink, hand-dyed and Carry Back. Behind Janet, Sellers' father beamed proudly.



DRAMATIC STRETCH RUN Begins as Carry Back closes from far horse 11 lengths behind the leaders, Globemaster (top left) and Four-

and-Twenty (center third) and Sherluck (middle) in the last quarter of a mile, Carry Back gained some 30 yards and won going away.

DERBY continued

weaken, and Longden immediately put Four-and-Twenty on top. He winged around the final turn into the home stretch and past the quarter pole after covering the mile in 1:36 1/2. Sellers had Carry Back tuned up now, however, and as they passed tired horses they turned for home in sixth place. They were still 11 lengths away from Four-and-Twenty with only one quarter of a mile to go.

As the crowd roared its approval of the duel unfolding before them, Benito Baiza sent Crozier after Four-and-Twenty just as he had done in the Trial. He mastered Four-and-Twenty quickly, and suddenly at the eighth pole found himself half a length in front. "We were out of it," said Tommy Kelly, trainer of Globemaster, "but I thought by then there was no way on earth that Crozier could be beaten."

Baiza, a Panamanian with the classical face of a warrior and the gift of superb

horsemanship, was not, at that moment, sharing Kelly's optimism. "I see him coming up on outside, and I know it can be only one horse. He Carry Back," Baiza said later. Sellers was riding desperately, and the real duel was on. An eighth of a mile to go—just 220 yards and Carry Back was in fourth place, four lengths behind Crozier. For a split second Crozier gave a hint of going off course, as he had done in both the Flamingo and the Florida Derby, but Baiza quickly straightened him out and then joined the battle.

As they came down to the 16th pole, it was still Crozier, and you thought it must end this way. But Carry Back has never been known to quit, and now he proved his right to a high place in this race's colorful history. Charging relentlessly on the outside, as he so often has before, Carry Back wore Crozier down inch by inch, foot by foot and yard by yard. Barely 40 yards from the finish their noses were together. Then, in the

last few strides, it was Carry Back drawing triumphantly off to win by just three-quarters of a length. At last, too, he won the applause and respect so long overdue from those who have dwelt on his "unfashionable" breeding instead of admitting that his consistent good form simply must mark him as a genuine champion.

There can be little or no excuse for the others in this Derby field. The race was cleanly run and the track, as the saying goes, was the same for all of them. Two lengths behind Crozier (who has now lost three of the biggest races in America to Carry Back by a total margin of only a length) was the field horse Bass Clef. Hirsch Jacobs' Dr. Miller, 22 lengths behind turning for home, finished fourth, beaten only five lengths by Carry Back. Sherluck, turning for home in fourth place, looked dangerous, but his run stopped almost before it got properly started and he finished 18th, just ahead of Globemaster. Four-and-Twenty and Flusterly were seventh and eighth, and

the latter's showing was the day's big disappointment. From the rest there was no threat, no run and no results.

When it was all over, the day's most appropriate remark came from Chuck Parker, Croner's trainer. "I guess that little brown horse got my number, that's all." Well, the fact is that little brown horse seems to have everybody's number at the moment, and the team of Jack and Katherine Price and Jockey John Sellers and Carry Back is the most colorful group in racing. The second Florida-bred colt to win the Derby has now earned \$612,868. Sellers, who is only 25, has already become a superb rider. It could not have been easy for this handsome boy to take back and then sit back on a Derby favorite, knowing that three of the best mile horses in America were 18 lengths ahead of him and that any one of them might slice away and never give a late runner a chance.

"It wasn't easy," Sellers said later, "but that's the way the horse runs. That's the way I know I can get the best performance out of him. I know that somewhere between three-eighths and a half mile after the start, Carry Back will be ready to go. Not before. And when he's ready, it's just up to me to decide when to go with him."

A distinguished ride

"A funny thing about this Derby, though," Sellers remarked at the winner's party. "All week I felt real tense about today. Then suddenly today came, and I surprised myself by not being nervous at all." Sellers' patient ride and strong finish (he covered the last quarter in 25) for a final clocking of 2:04 belongs in the category of very distinguished rides. In the jock's room later the beaten riders made almost as much of a fuss over John as the newsmen.

Winning his first Derby is not likely to send John Sellers rushing out for a larger-sized hat. Nor are the events at Louisville last Saturday apt to cause much of a change in the personality of outspoken Jack Price. "They told me about all the tradition of the Derby," he was saying during the party in his honor, "but to tell the truth, I didn't feel much different here than I did while winning the Everglades at Hialeah. When they played *My Old Kentucky Home* I was watching my horse. I tried to squeeze out a tear, but it just wouldn't be squeezed."

People are often remarking about Carry Back (and quite often within ear-

shot of his owner-trainer) that this colt by the sprinter Saggy out of a no-account mare named Joppy is the worst-looking excuse for a champion ever seen. "He may not be much to look at," is Price's reply, "but he sure looks good to me. I know he's not outstanding, but he is well balanced, and he has everything in the right places. Down here all the writers are telling me something is wrong with my horse. I learned he has a bad ankle, suspect sesamoids, a cold in his back—everything but the final stages of cancer. Well, it doesn't bother me one bit, and it doesn't bother Carry Back either. He's never been better in his life. When they criticize him I've got a good comeback: I just look at the figures."

The lure of money is strong for Price, but before the party was over he had made a shy admission: "I've always liked horses and nearly always owned a few. I could also have led a better life than being a trainer if I wanted to, like upping cool drinks and hanging in and out of swimming pools. But I must like

getting up at 5:15, or I wouldn't want to lead this life. Nobody, even me, could put in a trainer's hours without loving it. It isn't only the money."

Before his trip to Louisville and just before Carry Back was beaten by Glebe-master in the Wood Memorial, Price was having breakfast at Belmont Park one early morning. There he also admitted something else. "Basically I'm a pretty sensitive guy. I was nervous with this horse at first. Being criticized as a bad trainer upset me because I really do think I'm a good trainer." The Dorchester Corporation (which he and his wife own and which owns Carry Back) pays Jack Price a salary of \$15,000 a year to train his own horse. "Of course, I get travel expenses, too," he says, "plus a bonus if we have a good year."

Maybe after what happened last Saturday at Churchill Downs Katherine Price will see her way clear to giving this good trainer his horse. While she's about it, she might consider putting him in for a raise, too.

END



WINNING SELLERS, unusually tall (5 foot 6) for a jockey, towers over Johnny Longdon (who rode Four-and-Twenty) and William Shoemaker (Dr. Miller) after winning his first Derby.

UDALL AT THE BRIDGE

A rugged Secretary of the Interior puts a posse of investigators in helicopters to visit remote and threatened Rainbow Bridge

by JOHN O'REILLY

Like Horatius at the Tiber bridge of Rome, Stewart L. Udall, a Secretary of the Interior who knows how to dramatize his job, last week viewed a battleground: Rainbow Bridge, the unique natural arch in the uniquely scenic canyon country of the Upper Colorado. No less enthralled than Horatius but faced with a complexity of conflicts that the noble Roman never could have imagined, the Secretary took extraordinary action to focus national attention on the bridge—and, to paraphrase another dan-

ing young man in the news last week, he took those who went along with him for "one hell of a ride."

Horatius fought at the Tiber with sword and shield; Secretary Udall deployed upon the banks of the Colorado River a flock of helicopters loaned by the U.S. Air Force. Into these he marched the party he had assembled to demonstrate the problem at the bridge: 60-odd representatives of Congress, the conservation organizations, the Navaho Indians and the press. And before these worthies could catch their breath and stop to think what they were doing, they

found themselves looking at the nation's hottest conservation controversy from what might realistically be called a suspended point of view.

There below them, minutes after take-off, lay the partially completed Glen Canyon Dam, which ultimately will back up the Colorado's waters until they fill the narrow canyon beneath Rainbow Bridge. This, of course, is in clear violation of the law which says that no dams or reservoirs constructed under the Colorado River Storage Act may impinge upon the territory of a national park or national monument. Secretary Udall, the hat of his office as the nation's dam builder set firmly on his head, presumably noted details of the mighty structure rising between Glen Canyon's 700-foot walls with satisfaction: it is progressing nicely.

Some 30 minutes later, having been set down upon a desert mesa, the Secretary's guests found themselves looking down upon Rainbow Bridge itself. It was a view that few of them are ever likely to forget. For now they were buckering along not in the huge multi-passenger helicopters of the Air Force but in tiny three-man affairs with bubble canopies, from which, to give a little bit of extra space, the doors had been removed. Thus, as the little machines whirled their passengers off the mesa and over the canyon, in some cases the last few inches of a congressional ramp or a conservationist elbow hung above empty space.

In these breath-taking contraptions the entire party was wafted, two by two, from the mesa's heights to the canyon's depths, where, abruptly, they found themselves in a wilderness spot so inaccessible that only some 15,000 people have visited it since it was first discovered in 1909. "Gentlemen," said Secretary Udall as he stepped out of his machine, "this is the cheapest price of admission that anyone has ever paid to see this place." Some, but not all, agreed.

And now, as government people, conservationists, Indians and newsmen followed their host at a brisk clip toward the towering natural bridge, the sad

WILDERNESS MAN UDALL SURVEYS RAINBOW BRIDGE SITE WHERE WATERS WILL RISE



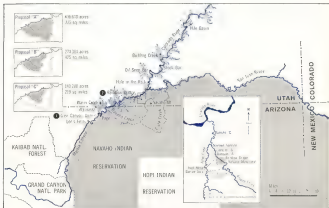
dilemma created by the dam became apparent. For here, indeed, was a uniquely beautiful and compelling place. The red canyon walls towered above, sometimes as straight as though hewn with a chisel, sometimes curved and twisted. A small stream slid over smooth rocks into clear pools. Bright desert flowers bloomed along the stream, and lizards scurried about, lifting their heads to show palpitating throats as they scanned the strangers. Secretary Udall, his other hat as guardian of the nation's parks and monuments now just as firmly on his head, pointed out here and there how high the water would rise, obliterate

Later, in an isolated summit conference at the site of one of the retention dams proposed to protect the bridge (see map), Secretary E. J. Lull, Commissioner Floyd Dornoy of the Bureau of Reclamation and Anthony Wayne Smith, executive secretary of the National Parks Association, discussed the feasibility of such retention dams—which may cost up to \$25 million.

By midafternoon those who still had strength left in their legs followed the still fast-stepping Secretary up the steep abutments of the bridge right to the top

of the great structure itself, a climb that required not only strength but nerve. There, in a final bravura exhibition, a couple of the little helicopters landed to take some of the climbers directly back to the base.

Two weeks or so from now editors of that memorable expedition will ring in Washington, for then the House Appropriations Committee will rule on an item in Secretary Udall's budget to provide protection for the bridge. Which hat will sit most firmly on the Secretary's head on this occasion no man knows, for on this matter he has so far kept his own counsel.



'THE CURE IS AS BAD AS THE DISEASE'

That one conception of the official characterized the various proposals for protecting Rainbow Bridge (2) from the waters inundated by Glen Canyon Dam (1). As the oldest map-drawer, Lake Powell (trained after John Wesley Powell, geographer and explorer) will back up for 186 miles, inundating hundreds of miles of canyons large and small. Rainbow Bridge will be caught between two dangers: the waters rising from Lake Powell, and the runoff waters and flash floods from 100-to-500-foot Narrows (3) above. The map shows the two dangers converging on the complicated matter. One suggestion (see arrow up at right) is to divert runoff waters by a tunnel into neighboring Aztec Creek, with dams closer at Site A or B to stop the rise from Lake Powell. Another is to

held a date, at 80°C with a temperature station to earth runoff and flood waters over the dam. Mammals for Dams A or B would come from the high mesa overlooking the canyon; for Dams C either from the mesa or by bridge up the Colorado. Damatic C is the one most favored by conservationists pushing for protection by this mesa, but others point out that its water which is chosen, the new untreated wilderness area, is not permanently secure. Meanwhile, Secretary Hahn has asked his staff to study the dam. The dam is a 160-acre movement into a great new national park. Three possible paths have been outlined (top left); final decision on these rests chiefly with the newly Naahua Indians, whose reservation on the east of the area

ODDS AND DOLLS AND A FAST FINISH

Girl watching and gambling were as much a part of the show as the golf at Las Vegas' Tournament of Champions. Then along came Sam Snead and attention, at least for a moment, was focused on the game

by ALFRED WRIGHT

A "FROSE," LAS VEGAS PARLANCER FOR TWO YOUNG WOMEN, STROLLS TOWARD GREEN



Sam Snead and Las Vegas, it seems obvious, should have gotten together years ago. Both are dedicated to the proposition that money is the root of all success. And yet, until last week-end when Snead coasted home with a seven-stroke lead to win \$10,000 in the Tournament of Champions, he and Vegas had never really come to terms. In three previous cracks at the tournament, the best Snead had been able to do was tie for ninth in 1954.

This year, to the great relief of those who have had to face an increasingly cantankerous Snead (he had gone since last April without a victory), it was quite a different story. True, during his first three rounds at the Desert Inn Country Club, Snead went grumbling and frowning around the course, as he often has done in recent months, while systematically accumulating sub-par rounds of 68-67-69 for a five-stroke lead over his nearest pursuers, Gary Player and Tommy Bolt. But things had gone so well for him that by the fourth round the 40-year-old Snead had lapsed back into the character of the genial, drawling hillbilly from West Virginia—the pleasant image of him that most golfing galleries carry in their mind.

The ever-present Las Vegas oddsmakers shared Snead's optimism. On the board of Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder, who sets the prices for the Hollywood Sports Service, Snead was down at a prohibitive 1 to 4. That was quite a switch from the 15 to 1 price on him before the tournament had started. Player had opened at 8 to 1 and was up to 30 to 1 on Sunday even though he was in second place behind Snead. Arnold Palmer, who had opened as the 6-to-1

favorite, wasn't even a bet to win on the final day, having fallen 14 strokes behind Snead.

If any oddsmen doubted that Snead's nerves were steady, they were immediately reassured by his first nine on Sunday. In a gully, 30-miles-an-hour windstorm he played a steady, 1-over-par 17. The wind was the telling point. Although the Desert Inn course looks and plays kindly on a still day, once the wind comes up it becomes a treacherous opponent, blowing sand in the eyes, balls into the rough and the scores of the best pros into duffer figures. Snead turned his lead and on several occasions used long irons instead of woods off the tees to keep on the fairways, which for this tournament had been narrowed to as little as 30 yards.

Dying wind, rising fortunes

Then, as Snead began the second nine holes on Sunday, the wind died down and there was now no further doubt about the outcome. Bolt, who was his playing partner, had crept to within three strokes of him, but Snead outlasted matters with four birdies on the last nine holes for a 3-under-par 69 for the day.

At last Snead could talk to Las Vegas without inhibition. The victory brought his official lifetime golf winnings to more than \$362,000, far more than anyone else on record. And with his success of last Sunday, Snead became the oldest golfer ever to win a tournament on the regular PGA circuit.

There were several experts placed from which to watch, or better yet, follow, the Tournament of Champions throughout the four days. One was the Health Club at the Desert Inn, that spangled caravansary on the Vegas strip whose golf course is used for the tournament. There you need only overhear the talk among the gamblers and Las Vegas regulars, who, as is their custom, were baking out in the steam room of the Health Club.

A throaty, disembodied voice carried out of a cubicle, "Did you hear what that barn, Palmer, did today? Out in 40, 4 over par. Two double bogies, the dirty barn! And I was on him for a wad and gave eight to five like all the other jerks. I should have known Snead would murder him! Here I been watching Sammy on the TV every week, and I don't even have the brains to bet on him!

Somebody ought to shoot me for an imbecile."

"What about that Hebert, that Jay Hebert?" asked another voice, pronouncing the name as if it were spelled Hee-burt. "Who ever heard of that barn? You could've got him at 15 to 1 a couple of days ago, and now look at him. Lucky if you can get three and a half. I did better than that on Crozier," the voice continued, pronouncing the name of the Kentucky Derby second-place finisher as if it were spelled Koo-jer.

Every couple of minutes a phone in the Health Club would ring, and you could hear a voice saying, "Yeah? Yeah?"

Then would come the latest bulletin from the course: "Player just birdied five," or "Jerry Barber just took a double bogey on No. 7," or "Stan Leonard just made the turn in 34."

Another very fine vantage point was in the bar adjoining the gaming room of the Desert Inn. Large cadres of drinkers and nondrinkers and other Vegas species sat hour after hour through the afternoon glaring at a huge blackboard on which the hole-by-hole progress of the 26 golfers was chalked by a man wearing a headset that tuned him in on the walkie-talkies reporting the doings of each to someone on the course.

continued

RELAXED AND SMILING, SNEAD (LEFT) AND PALMER TRADE GUIPS ON PRACTICE RANGE



Or you could sit in any one of half a dozen horse parlors along the strip and in downtown Vegas and get the latest reports on the golf while also watching the race results from across the country and the inning-by-inning scores of the major league baseball games.

Even with all these fine viewing spots, more than 7,000 people a day were showing up at the course itself, and they weren't necessarily squares from Gulfville. On the way into the main gate of the clubhouse they could buy chances on a Rolls-Royce and a couple of Cadillacs that were being raffled. And once on the course, they were exposed to the most spectacular girl-watching opportunities available anywhere in the entire world of golf. There were girls in short shorts, girls in stretch pants and cowboy boots, girls in skin-tight Capris. There were towering old-fashioned platinum blonders and more up-to-date jobs coiffured in the modish chic brunettes arrichokes. There was a set of twins looking darling in skintight little gingham arrangements and even a few girls you could take home to mother.

These adorable and sometimes stunning creatures tended to travel in pairs,

which were referred to by the more diligent girl watchers as "twosies." The competition to find the most delectable twosie was sometimes as intense as the golf itself.

Male watchers, too

For the sociologists and students of the bizarre, there was an assortment of male spectators that would fill a dozen textbooks. The most arresting and prevalent male ensemble was something that appeared to be dual-purpose—a suit that looked like a pair of pajamas, fitting snugly over the hips and dyed in all the colors of the spectrum. It was a tribute to the powers of concentration of the Memms, Snead, Player, Bolt, Jay Hebert and the rest that they were able to keep their heads down when it came their turn to hit a shot.

Indeed there were occasions during the week when it was really impossible for the players to ignore the gallery. One such occurred on Saturday afternoon at the 16th green when Player—in the midst of a brilliant round of golf—missed a very short putt. A tall, ominous-looking fellow in a tan sports shirt turned to his companion and said, "That'll cost you a dollar." Then he let out an ear-splitting guffaw that startled Player, 50

yards away, and caused him to look up in wonderment that anyone could be so happy over his misfortune.

That same afternoon, Comedian Jerry Lewis was perched atop an NBC-TV crane alongside the 18th green, doing his best to entertain the crowd in case the golf was not enough. After Sam Snead had sunk a beautiful 50-fooner, Lewis made a connection trying to attract his attention while Doug Ford was bent over a little three-fooner. Needless to say, Ford missed the putt.

Still, there were only minor irritations when placed alongside all the delights of the Vegas hospitality. Each of the 28 champions and their wives were given free rooms and meals at the Desert Inn during the tournament plus all the entertainment that the pleasure domes of the strip could offer. There were cocktail parties where Lionel Hebert blew some mean New Orleans jazz on his trumpet, and Ken Venturi made the drums do all kinds of tick tricks. When it was over, everyone went home with a prize, the smallest a big fat \$1,000. You can't fault that kind of hospitality. Little wonder that Mike Souchak, after winning the Greenboro Open several weeks ago, grinned and said, "I got my ticket to Vegas for '62."

END

THE NEW TOMMY BOLT



Not so many months ago Tommy Bolt was making his typically temperamental splash on the professional golf circuit. There was his memorable 18th hole in the National Open at Cherry Hills Country Club where he hit two balls into the water, then threw his driver in after them and walked off the course. Earlier he had smashed another driver to splinters in

the Desert Classic. And he had damaged U.S.-South African links relations almost beyond repair by insulting galleries, tournament sponsors, his hosts and the rather adequate young native he was playing against, Gary Player.

This spring, however, there is a new Tommy Bolt who is keeping his temper and playing fine golf in spite of some unusual provocations. In the Houston Classic Bolt was lining up a shot on the last green when somebody shouted, "Punt, you bum!" in the horrible stence that followed Bolt merely walked over to the spotters' table and said to an official: "By jingo, these people ought to give me a break. I'm a human being, too."

The next week at San Antonio he was trying to hit a recovery shot from beneath a tree. He asked the gallery to move back. It didn't move far enough, and his shot hit a paying patron square in the chest, then bounced into an unplayable lie which cost two strokes. Bolt whispered to his partner, Jimmy

Demaret, "I kinda held myself in there, didn't I, Jim? I'm really improving."

Always a player who would have won much more money if he had lost his temper less, Bolt is reaping dividends from his self-control. He is hitting his irons more crisply and accurately than any golfer on the circuit today. His wayward words, cause of so much of his past grief, are not putting him in trouble so often. Going into the Las Vegas tournament he had won \$14,676.67, fifth best among U.S. money winners.

Throughout the Tournament of Champions, Bolt's face was a constant grimace of strain and pain, as if the course, the gallery and the whole world were in league against him. But not even when his ball bounced off a willow tree and into a lake with a national TV audience looking on—did his composure crack. Finishing second by one stroke, he won another \$5,000. The new Tommy Bolt is something to see. But look quickly, while it lasts.

END



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Photograph by Rick Field



ANSWER: A GOOEY GET-TOGETHER

This muddy meeting took place recently on the mucky bed of Lake Lagunita on the campus of Stanford University. It was the slither-off to something called "Con Home Week," an annual fund drive for the Convalescent Home, a college-sponsored hospital for children. The Mud Follies, so called, was to have featured a tug of war, a soccer game with a giant balloon, a righthand relay race and a greased-pole climb. But after the first event sloshed to its conclusion the program bogged down into a good-natured muddle in which all the coeds got gratuitous beauty treatments and the spectators learned at first hand the meaning of mud-slinging.









The Royal Heave-ho

Getting a truly majestic shove at the start of a Go-Kart race near the Amman airport in Jordan is 20-year-old Toni Gardiner; the shover is her brand-new fiancé, King Hussein, who had her renamed Mouna al Hussein at their betrothal. Born in Chelmsford, England, the future queen is the daughter of the official "antibomb officer" in Hussein's gregarious court. Since a lowly Go-Kart is obviously not a proper chariot for a queen, this was Toni's last fling at her hazardous avocation (she has a scar on her right hand as the result of a crash). She finished sixth out of eight.

by WALTER BINGHAM

NOT SUCH A TOUGH COOKIE

His expression may be severe, but Cookie Lavagetto, the soft-spoken, swarthy manager of the currently impressive Minnesota Twins, is a man of warmth, humor and honesty

It is typical of Cookie Lavagetto that he should not want his story written. "I prefer to remain in obscurity," he says. Only a man as modest as Lavagetto would consider obscurity his. Fourteen years ago he lit up the sky over Brooklyn with his famous pinch-hit double in the World Series. Today, as manager of the Minnesota Twins, he is regarded as one of the best baseball men in the game.

Lavagetto, the first manager in Minnesota history, is being treated royally. Hotel managers dote on him. People want his autograph. He has his own radio show just before each home game. An auto dealer has given him a new car to drive. At the stadium parking lot attendants call him "Mr. Lavagetto."

Nothing like this ever happened to Cookie during the long, dismal years when the Twins were the Washington Senators. He was treated with respect by the fans, but then so were the groundskeepers. Now, in Minneapolis-St. Paul, he enjoys uncritical admiration and, better still, a team with a winning look. Lavagetto has been preparing his team for success for several years—it might even have happened in Washington if the team had stayed there—but Cookie would take credit for the improvement only if it were forced upon him. His humility is sincere, for Lavagetto is not a man of guile. After a recent game, a reporter asked him if he didn't think his right fielder had been playing too deep for a certain hitter. "My mind was on other channels at the moment," Lavagetto answered. "I didn't notice where he was playing."

Lavagetto's honesty is refreshing in a business riddled with deception. Several seasons ago Cookie was asked which team he thought would win the pennant.



MOMENT OF QUIETNESS on field coach Lavagetto to rub chin as Coach Baker stands by.

"Yankees by 15 games," he replied directly. A few days later he received a telegram from Commissioner Ford Frick warning him that such talk was bad for baseball. Lavagetto parried neatly by telling Frick he was merely trying to make the Yankees overconfident, so his Washington Senators could beat them.

Cookie's face does not suggest a sense of humor. He is a severe-looking man with a swarthy complexion, heavy brows and a hawk nose. At 46, his black hair is flecked with gray, and there are deep creases on his forehead and around his dark brown eyes. Only when he smiles does he look anything but angry.

His outward manner sometimes appears gruff. He may toss off a carefully composed question with a syllable, leaving the asker disoriented. He may not answer at all, but often this is because he has not heard the question. "I have a tin ear," he explains. He can sit for minutes in brutal silence after a question, giving the impression of annoyance. Then he will start to talk, and it is clear that he was not annoyed or puzzled but was simply trying to frame a thoughtful answer. He is extremely careful in his choice of words. When someone told him that one of his players looked unsure of himself at the plate, Lavagetto said, "You have detected what is known as pressing." Sometimes he misuses the language, but always colorfully. Recently he talked about the "strange twist of faith" that led him into baseball. He also hated "to leave the home folks down" after the Twins' opening loss in Minnesota, an understandable slip after so many years as a player in Brooklyn.

Cookie Lavagetto arrived in Brooklyn via Pittsburgh and Oakland, his home town. He was born Enrico Atilio Lavagetto, but when he was confined Atilio was changed to Arturo. On his first day at school his teacher told him that in English, Enrico was either Henry or Harry. Enrico discussed it with his parents and decided on Harry.

It was as a boy that he met Mary Poggi, the girl he later married. "Our families used to go mushrooms-hunting together in the hills above Oakland," Lavagetto recalls. "We'd go up after the heavy rains. Mushrooms make a swelling in the ground, so we'd take a stick and scrape away the leaves. Sometimes there's a mushroom, sometimes not.

You'd never know." Today Mary and Cookie live with their two sons, Mike, 13, and Eric, 12, in Orinda, not far from their mushrooms-hunting grounds.

Twist of faith

Young Harry got his baseball break—the "twist of faith" he referred to—in the spring of 1933. He had been unsuccessful in establishing himself as a player, and his father was anxious for him to go to work, collecting trash. By chance, a benefit game was arranged between a group of major league players living in the area and some local sandlotters. Lavagetto didn't get into the game until the fifth inning, but the first time he came up the bases were loaded. Harry drove them all in with a double and found himself swamped with offers after the game. He signed with Cookie DeVincenti, owner of the Oakland team. Harry became known as "Cookie's boy" and, eventually, just plain Cookie.

Cookie spent 1933 with Oakland, then was signed by Pittsburgh. Three years later he was traded to Brooklyn. "He was a skinny, awkward kid then," his good friend Charley Dressen remembers. "He ran funny, sort of waddled, but he got there quick. He was a quiet fellow. He'd sit in the dugout, slouched down, maybe daydreaming. Then he'd say something and make everybody laugh."

"Cookie was a character," says a newspaperman who covered the Dodgers then. "He walked funny and always needed a shave. His shirt would be hanging out of his pants, and he wore his hat at a weird angle. Cookie would just sit there, not realizing he looked any different than the next guy."

"Oh, I used to know it," Lavagetto said recently. "I used to enjoy wearing one sock up, the other down. I don't know why exactly. I just enjoyed it."

Cookie also decided he would enjoy flying. He and his pal Delph Camik



MOMENT OF GLORY came to Cookie in fourth game of 1941 World Series when he hit pinch double in ninth against Yankees to earn Play Ball's no-hitter and win for Brooklyn.

signed up for lessons at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn. "We'd get up early, get out to the airfield at 9 and be back at Ebbets Field in plenty of time," says Cookie. "We flew Piper Cubs. I'll never forget when the trainer made me put the plane in a spin for the first time. I saw houses and land, then clouds and trees and more clouds—was I scared! The trainer says, 'Want to do it again?' I told him, 'Hell no.'"

Soon after both players got their pilot's licenses, Larry MacPhail, owner of the Dodgers, found out about it and, characteristically, exploded. "One day Durocher stood up in front of the whole team," says Cookie. "He said that Camilli and Lavagetto are hereby fined \$500 apiece for activities detrimental to the ball club."

Bizarro Brooklyn

Nothing that happened in Brooklyn before the war was quite as bizarre as Jack Pierce's visits to Ebbets Field. Pierce, a Brooklyn tavern owner, developed a great affection for Lavagetto. He watched every game from behind the visitors' dugout, because it was close to third base, Cookie's position. He used to hire two taxis to go to the ball park, one for himself and his friends, the other for his balloons, banners and buckets of champagne and ice.

"He'd spread those banners out over the rail," says Lavagetto. "Each one would have 'Cookie' written on it. Then he'd start releasing the balloons. I think they were filled with helium. And, of course, they'd drink their firewater."

Pierce would sit there throughout the game yelling "Cookieee! Cookieee!" The story goes that in one clutch situation with Lavagetto at bat, Pierce was yelling so much that Lavagetto had to step away from the plate and tell him to shut up. Cookie then lined out a hit to win the game. Everybody was happy, but when Cookie and some of his teammates returned to their Brooklyn hotel, there was Jack Pierce with scars streaming down his face. His feelings were crushed.

It should not be overlooked that Lavagetto was a fine player. For the most part he batted second in the Brooklyn lineup, and there were few players better at slapping the ball to right field behind the runner. "He was a great two-strike hitter," recalls Whitlow Wyatt, the ace of the Dodgers' pitching staff

continued

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before the war. "With men on base he was about the toughest man to get out that we had on the club."

Of course, nothing Cookie Lavagetto ever did on a baseball field matched his famous pinch-hit double in the 1947 World Series. Lavagetto had enlisted in the Navy in February of 1942, and the four seasons he missed had ruined his career. "I was washed up," he admits. He played very little in 1946 and even less, only 41 games, in 1947.

To fans of the old Brooklyn Dodgers, Lavagetto's hit has profound historical value. (Where were you when Cookie made his hit?) Briefly, it was the fourth game of the Series, and the New York Yankees led in both the Series and the game, 2-1. Floyd Revere, the Yankee pitcher, had a no-hit game going into the ninth inning. With two out, the Dodgers got two men on base, on walks. Fido Stanky was due up, but Manager Burt Shotton told Lavagetto to hit for him. On the second pitch Lavagetto fired the ball off the right-field wall at Ebbets Field. Both runners scored, the Dodgers won and Lavagetto, no matter what he did for the rest of his life, would never be forgotten. It was, ironically, the last hit Lavagetto ever made in the major leagues.

Cookie was released by Brooklyn after the 1947 season, ineptitude which temporarily embittered him toward the Dodger organization. He spent the next three years back in Oakland, playing under Dreesen in 1949 and 1950. When Dreesen was hired as the Dodger manager in 1951, Lavagetto went with him as a coach. He was there, sitting on the bench, when Bobby Thomson hit his pennant-winning home run.

Dreesen insists the Dodgers would have won the 1951 pennant if he had been allowed to use Lavagetto. "I wanted to put him on the active list, but the brass said no. They didn't want to send a young fellow down. Hell, with Cookie to pinch hit down the stretch, I could have won easily."

Cookie stayed with Charley through the pennant-winning years of 1952-53. When Dreesen was refused a two-year contract in 1954 and quit, Lavagetto sent Walter O'Malley a terse telegram: "Please accept resignation." The two friends went back to Oakland.

In 1955 Dreesen was made manager of the Washington Senators and, of course, Cookie went along as coach. The



WITH A SPINCH TO MAKE: Lavagetto was the last pinch-hitter in ballgame-filled Minneapolis banger ball with rest of the Twin team and stolen his notes, saving no time.

Senators finished in the depths of the American League in 1955 and 1956. When the team started slowly in 1957, Dreesen was abruptly fired, and the manager's job was offered to Cookie. Lavagetto didn't want it. He had never thought of himself as anything more than Charley's coach, and his immediate reaction was to refuse the offer and depart with Charley. What, argued Cookie with typical honesty, could he do for the Senators that Charley could not? But Dreesen himself talked to Cookie, coaxed, pleaded and finally persuaded him to give it a try.

Man of decision

From the moment he made his decision to manage, Cookie began to develop into his own man. As a coach, his rich qualities lay dormant under the brain-based personality of Charley Dreesen. His world had been secure, cozy. There had been fungus to hit, sign to flush and an occasional runner to wave around third. He could play bridge with the players and refer reporters' questions to Charley. Few people wanted his au-

diograph, and no one wanted him to speak. It was a life free from mental strain. Now, as manager, Cookie led a different life. People wanted him to speak, a duty he has always found difficult. No longer could he play cards with the boys or savor questions to Charley. He learned that when the team is on the road the manager is allotted a hotel suite for himself. Cookie missed having a roommate. Hardest of all was the problem of running a fast-paced ball club, of deciding batting orders and who should pitch and whether or not to hit-and-run. When the team lost, as it usually did, Cookie took the game home with him and brooded over what had gone wrong. The worrying took a physical toll. He broke out in hives. Sleep came near dawn. Food, which had always tasted especially good to Cookie, became indigestible. He longed to be a coach again.

"He was unsure of himself in the beginning," recalls Russ Kemmerer, then a Washington pitcher. "He tried to manage just the way Charley did. He was sensitive about chewing out a player. You knew sometimes you had a little hell

(continued)



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TOUGH COOKIE *continued*

coming, but Cookie wouldn't give it to you." It took a while, but eventually Lavagetto realized he could handle the job. He learned to be decisive about removing a pitcher or juggling his lineup. The hives disappeared, the appetite returned and at night Cookie slept.

The Senators didn't improve, at least not at first. They cruised on peacefully in eighth place. Once they made five errors in one inning. Another time they lost 18 games in a row. To relieve the boredom of constant defeat, Cookie invented a game. Every day the players gathered in the clubhouse in courtroom fashion. Eddie Yost, then captain of the Senators, was the judge. In this setting players accused each other of misdeeds—meanors, like singing poorly in the shower, snoring too loudly or jogging around the bases too slowly after a home run. Herb Heft, the club's publicity man, was once docked \$1.25 when the team bus was late. Yost announced the fines. Anyone accused had the right to appeal, but if he lost (which was inevitable), the fine was doubled. All fines were solemnly collected and banked, and when the season was over the money was used to pay for a grand farewell party.

Although the Senators finished last in Cookie's first two seasons as manager, the team won more games each time than it had the year before. In 1939 young players like Harmon Killebrew and Bob Allison joined the few standouts of the cellar season, Jim Larned, Pedro Ramos and Camilo Pascual. Last year Cookie and Senator Owner Calvin Griffith made a fine trade, parting with Roy Sievers for Earl Battey and Don Muecher. Battey quickly developed into the best catcher in the league. Together these young players got the Senators out of last place. In fact, the team almost finished in the first division, falling to fifth in the last days of the season.

This year, as the transplanted Minnesota Twins, the team looks even better. There is a fine young shortstop, Zeno Versalles, and two good young left-handers, Jack Kralick and Jim Kaat. It is a coming team, not a pennant winner this year perhaps, but a threat for the future.

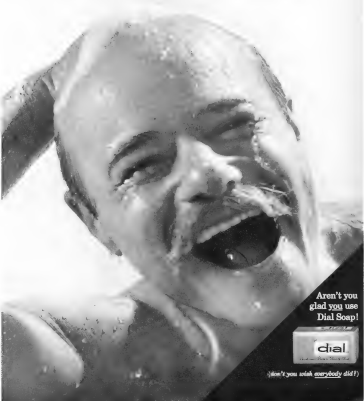
Recently Cookie was asked if, after all the attention he has received as manager, he could ever again be satisfied with coaching. A minute pained, and then Cookie said, "I just don't know. I can't tell. We'll just have to come to that bridge when we come to it."

END

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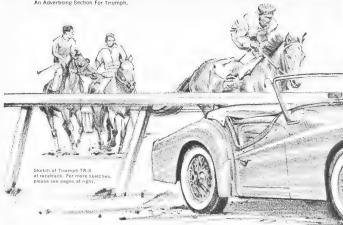
It removes most of these trouble-makers. Keeps you presentable long after your bath. That's why people who like people like Dial.



Aren't you
glad you use
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(don't you wish everybody did?)



Sketch of Triumph TR-3 at racetrack. For more sketches, please see pages at right.

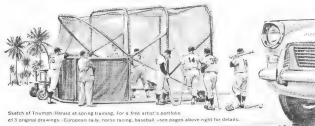
Famous artist looks at Triumph

The picture above shows a famous artist's view of the Triumph TR-3 . . . one of the great cars. Probably no other sports car in history has won more trophies, turned more heads, or belonged to more happy people (over 50,000 Americans alone).

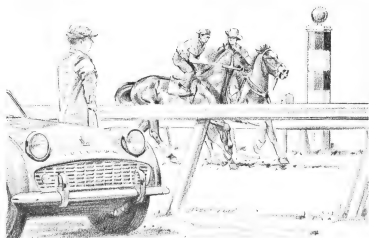
Below, you see the Triumph/Herald. It shows what happens when the same Triumph engineers sit down to design an economy car. Result: all the virtues of that much-admired breed . . . low price, low operating costs, the ability to work like a Trojan . . . plus the

tear, dash, excitement and style that made Triumph famous.

For the facts on both Triumphs, please read on. You'll discover some rather startling information. The best idea of all, though, is to drive any or all of the 3 Triumph cars. There are now more than 550 dealers, and the network is still growing fast. All give free test rides. This month they're giving away free portfolios by artist Robert Riger. (See pages above right.) What better time to take advantage?



Sketch of Triumph Herald at spring training. For a free artist's portfolio of 3 original drawings—European rally, horse racing, baseball—see pages above right for details.



Why is the TR-3 America's favorite sports car?

Over 50,000 Americans now drive a Triumph TR-3. Some are "sports car enthusiasts," people who know engineering, know rally records, and drive like professionals. Others are business men, doctors or housewives who have learned that a TR-3 is as easy to handle as an ordinary car—but far, far more fun. It makes everyday driving an adventure.

The TR-3, you see, was built expressly to win in competition under extremely difficult conditions. Its responses are much more sensitive than an ordinary car's. Turn a corner — pass another car — and you'll see just what we mean.

What's more, the TR-3 is powered by a full 100 horsepower, competition engine. It will do anything you have in mind... up to 110 m.p.h. It will accel-

erate from zero to 50 in 8 seconds. The front-wheel brakes are disc brakes... the racing type that won't fade. And there's a short-throw 4-speed gear shift that really puts you in control.

The Triumph TR-3 has two bucket seats up front (covered in fine English leather, by the way). But you can get an optional rear seat that holds 2 more children or one more adult. There's a big lockable luggage trunk. And you can get service in every state — including Hawaii and Alaska.

Surprisingly, the TR-3 needs less gas than most compacts. It actually gets up to 35 m.p.g. Even more surprising: for all the dash, workmanship, fun and engineering—it costs \$500 less than any comparable sports car, only \$2675.*





Triumph/Herald: economy car by TR-3 engineers

The Triumph/Herald is frankly unusual. It is as advanced a car as you'll see in some time. It manages to combine under one hood the dash and verve of the Triumph TR-3, the same progressive engineering, and all the virtues of a family economy car.

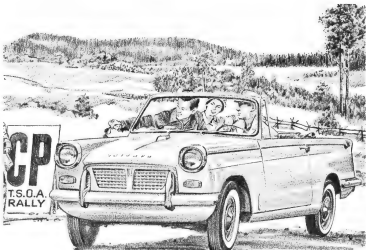
The Herald, on its own, has won 1st's in class in the Alpine, Tulip and R.A.C. rallies. Step on the gas, negotiate a particularly tricky curve, and you'll see why. For another thing, the Herald is the only economy car with dual carburetion. It will go over 80. And look at the styling—it's by Michelotti.

As for engineering, the Herald fairly bristles with innovations. The "self-lubricating" chassis never

needs an ordinary grease job. The wheels turn a full 45 degrees, in either direction. (The Triumph is so nimble, you could practically turn one around in your living room. You park with only inches to spare!) Hood and fenders raise as a unit for easy servicing. Four-wheel independent suspension plus stabilizing torsion-bar plus a rigid frame make the ride almost as smooth as a block-long limousine's.

For all its vigor, all its style, all its engineering, the Triumph/Herald Convertible still costs less than many "compact" sedans, \$2229*. And it delivers up to 40 miles per gallon. Drive a Herald some time. It will change your mind about "economy" cars.





This month at Triumph...free test drives...

Three other Triumphs



The Triumph/Herald Sedan has the same engine as the convertible, but with longer, instead of dual carburetors. It delivers up to 52 m.p.g. Seats two. Fold-down rear seat lets you load up the back like a station wagon. Costs only \$1649.



The Triumph TR3 Grand Touring Model is the TR3 with a detachable steel hard top added. Converts to an open car in a matter of minutes. It's like having 2 cars in 1. It performs exactly the same as a regular TR3. Quite the bargain at \$2835.*



The Triumph/Herald Sports Coupe is what the British call a "personal car." That is, it's somewhere between a sports car and a small car. Dual-carburetor engine. Speeds over 80. Seats two in luxury. Rear seat optional. Price: a modest \$2493.*

*MSRP, plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West.





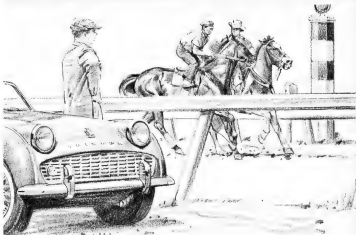
FREE Robert Riger Portfolio: "Great Moments in Sport"
 3 subjects—"Against the Clock," "Win, Place and Show" and "The Fat Pitch." Each of them an original drawing, 8"x10", on heavy art paper suitable for framing. Triumph is giving away one free portfolio to everyone who visits a Triumph showroom and takes a demonstration drive this month and next. The ride itself is well worth a visit to any Triumph dealer listed on the next page!

free Robert Riger
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A TIRE SALESMAN WITH HORSE SENSE

When the president of Firestone Tire & Rubber is not seated at a desk, he's astride a horse—except for one day each year, when his perch is a stack of racing tires at the Indianapolis '500'

by **HUSTON HORN**

The Indianapolis Speedway will tell 135,000 seats this year to the Memorial Day 500-mile car race at prices scaled from \$5.50 to \$30. One man sure to be present is a renowned horseman and polo player who, on most other leisure days, prefers to spend his time on horseback at his farm in the lush, rolling country of northeastern Ohio. He is Raymond Christy Firestone, president of the company that bears his family name, and he could, if he chose, buy every seat at the Speedway. He will sit in none of them however. Instead he will be found in the tumultuous pit area, perched on a stack of Firestone racing tires, hobnobbing easily with drivers and mechanics and, when the race has begun, following its stormy, 3½-hour progression with rapt attention.

A small, wiry man of 52, who parts his hair just to the right of center and whose husk, sharp features are typical of all his family, Ray Firestone has been a fixture at the venerable "500" almost as long as the cars. (By no coincidence, Firestone tires were mounted on the winner of the first "500" in 1911 and have been worn on all winners since 1920.)

In the old days, young Raymond, his four brothers and his father, Harvey S. Firestone Sr., who founded the company, would arrive at the track during race week on a private Pullman car. Nowadays Ray, who has never shaken the "500" habit, comes to Indianapolis by private twin-engine airplane. Little

else about his annual visit has changed.

Firestone, in fact, is still scarcely more than a spectator of the race, despite the fact that the Firestone company credits the "500" with having contributed some 50% of the technical knowledge that has gone into its passenger tires. Firestone's interest in the proceedings, to be sure, is a notch above that of the run-of-mine infield spectator who views the race as a carnival and who, surfeited with frivolity and beer, sometimes dozes through much of the afternoon. "You have to remember," says a Firestone

acquaintance, "that not only is Ray an avid racing fan, but every tire on that track has got his name written on it in big white letters." Cynics suppose that Firestone donates the tires. He does not. The tires are sold to the drivers at about \$55 apiece, and should they prefer another brand, they are entirely welcome to use it. Winners, however, are paid by Firestone for advertising endorsements, and drivers are loth to overlook that added source of income. "But," says Rodger Ward, the 1959 "500" winner, "a lot of us drivers would use the tires

Continued

RAYMOND FIRESTONE STANDS IN FRONT OF NEWEST RACING TIRES AT AKRON PLANT



anyway. We feel it is largely because of Ray Firestone's efforts that we are alive today."

In the pit area, Firestone finds the immediacy of action and excitement that he likes. Quiet and unassuming himself—"almost mousy," says one driver—Firestone once wore white coveralls during the race in order to remain inconspicuous. He is now too well known for such subterfuge and wears business clothes. He is an expected and welcome speaker at the drivers' pee-wee meeting and is, in the words of one company man, "on a first-name basis with everyone from the highest driver to the lowest grease monkey." Firestone values the friendships he has made. He was so shaken by the death of Pat O'Connor in 1958, for example, that he opted to the Firestone office at the track and wept.

Automobile racing excites Firestone, but since it cannot relax him, he consequently devotes much of his leisure time to riding horses, an interest he has held since childhood. Here again the influence of Firestone's father is apparent, for the Ohio dirt farmer who founded the company never lost his love for the horses he helped put out of business.

When Raymond and his brothers were growing up in Akron, where the company began, Harvey Sr. kept some 50 horses on the place. Most were hunters, but enough were polo ponies for Firestone's sons to become fairly proficient at the game. At Princeton, Ray joined the school's team, was so good he was elected captain in his junior and senior years and led it, in 1933, to the intercollegiate championship. Partly on the strength of this—although other considerations were taken into account—he was elected by the senior class as "most likely to succeed." It was a sound choice.

Shortly after graduation in 1933, Firestone gave up polo and other diversions to launch his career in his father's corporation. While his climb to the top ("He began by pumping gas," says an admiring company man) wasn't exactly a Horatio Alger success story, Raymond Firestone rose in the company hierarchy, and four years after his humble start was president of a Firestone subsidiary in Memphis. It was there that his fondness for horses reasserted itself, and on a farm outside Memphis he began to raise and

train hunters and show horses, some of which won blue ribbons.

In 1949, he returned to Akron with his wife Laura Ann (who died last summer) and his two daughters, Christy Ann, now 25, and Judith Ann, 21. Made president of the parent company in 1957, Firestone installed his family in a handsome forest-red stucco walls, rust-red clay roof) and splendid (18 rooms, eight baths) home in Bath, Ohio, a tiny farming town 12 miles northwest of Akron. It cost, counting the land, half a million dollars. He installed his horses in a stable that, in its way, is as impressive as the house. Other features of the 750-acre farm are 50 head of cattle, eight barns, 10 dwellings and a covered, heated riding ring the size of a convention



hall where, two days before last Christmas, Firestone broke four ribs when his mount thought better of jumping a hurdle, stopped and left Firestone to go it alone.

Most of the horses (there are generally 20 of them at one time) on the Firestone estate are Thoroughbreds who washed out on the race track and, says Firestone, "are delighted we've given them a second chance as hunters."

Firestone seldom has enough time for his horses. Consequently, he takes time where he finds it, and this, customarily, is 6 o'clock in the morning. Almost daily, summer and winter, he gets up at that hour and goes to the stable. There he is usually met by his trainer, Max Bonham, and for the next hour the two of them jump fences or ride briskly across the countryside. "It's the one time of day," says Firestone, "when I'm

able to let down for a minute and forget all the pestering pressures of the company."

But what Firestone enjoys most about his horses is the excuse they give him for an annual winter vacation in Camden, S.C. Camden, about 30 miles northeast of Columbia, is famed in horse circles for its temperate winters and its sandy soil, which absorbs rain water in minutes and is particularly valuable for the all-weather conditioning of the three to four hundred race horses brought there each winter. Becoming firmly attached to the region after a visit several years ago, Firestone bought 10 acres of choice (i.e., sandy) land outside Camden, named them the *LosRay Farms* after his wife and himself, and now trucks horses south each year after his daughters complete the winter show circuit in the midwestern and eastern U.S. Firestone goes to Camden for three weeks in February or March, avoiding as much as he can the relentless telegrams, phone calls and packets of mail that follow from Akron. He more or less succeeds in this escape by keeping to the saddle throughout much of the day, working with Bonham and his daughters, both championship riders, schooling the horses. Three afternoons each week he suspends training class to ride to hounds with the Camden Hunt (whose 35 hounds, or as they say, 17½ couples, were donated by Firestone last year).

Although Camden is best known and most used for training race horses (C. V. Whitney and Marion duPont Scott, among others, have stables there), Firestone has little interest in racing "because it's too much like a business," says Firestone. "To see horses run around and around is not my idea of fun. To see a car run around and around at Indianapolis—well, I must admit that's my weakness."

So is his family. That is one other reason behind his interest in riding. "The horses we have raised and shown and hunted have had a wonderful effect on my family," he says. "It has been an interest we have all been able to share, something we have been able to do together. Unquestionably, it has knitted us more closely together."

Photograph by Richard Klock

Two Firestone Thoroughbreds, Constant Comment and her foal, graze in one of the spring-green pastures on his 750-acre farm





On handsome grounds of Oldo farm, Fierstone leads Marc Bonshaw over jump and (below) rider with family on swerve hunt





GRADUATION (today could be the day!)

Here, graduated from the smallest to the largest—with honors—are five bottles of our Champagne. On such occasions parental pride is usually immeasurable, but in this instance we can measure it quite accurately: There's La Petite (2 glasses), The Half-Bottle (4 glasses), The Bottle (8 glasses), The Magnum (17 glasses), and The Jeroboam (34 glasses). A size for every commencement or finale; and in four different types to suit the mood: Brut, Pink, Extra Dry, and Sparkling Burgundy. Helps make any celebration *summa cum laude*.

PAUL MASSON

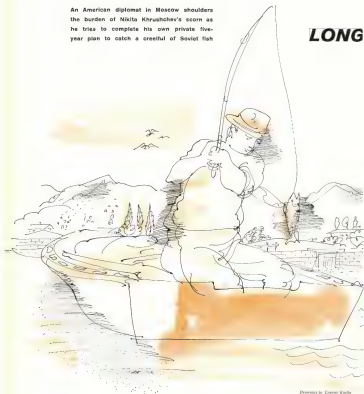
(Please visit us: we're 40 miles south of San Francisco.)

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE

An American diplomat in Moscow shoulders the burden of Nikita Khrushchev's scorn as he tries to complete his own private five-year plan to catch a creelful of Soviet fish

LONG



Drawings by Eugene Kuche

SEARCH FOR A RUSSIAN TROUT

by CHARLES THAYER

One sport I fear I shall not catch Mr. Khrushchev at is trout fishing. While I was dining with him in Moscow last year, he told me that fishing was only for lazy men, and no one has yet accused Mr. K. of being lazy. There may be another reason, too. During the many years I had served in the American Embassy in Moscow and wandered all over Russia, I had never caught or even seen a trout except on a platter. The most recent was a delectable brownie stuffed with caviar at the very dinner where Mr. Khrushchev spoke so disparagingly of fishing. Furthermore, in all Europe I had run across only one person who had seen a

live Soviet trout. He was a semidetentioned German game warden who told me that during his nine years as a prisoner of war in the Soviet Union he had seen gigantic trout leaping about in the rivers of the Caucasus Mountains. Even *Intourist*, which does not like to run down the natural wonders of Russia, was stomped when I questioned them on the whereabouts of the Trutna family.

Nevertheless, I refused to believe that the land which had invented everything from the wheel to the Lunik was troutless. Somewhere, I felt sure, there must be gushing streams full of wild trout that would strike at anything. Obviously no one, except the admitted game warden, had looked in the right place.

So when Mr. Khrushchev invited me to take a hunting trip through the Soviet Union,

I added a fly rod to my equipment. I started my active search for trout while my wife and I were shooting stag in the mountains behind Yalta in the Crimea (SI, March 14, 1960). I asked a gamekeeper about the fish, and he told me there was a trout hatchery at the foot of the very mountain on which we were camped. I seized my fly rod, clambered into a car and set out at once.

The road dropped sharply, twisting around hairpin curves. A cloud had settled on the mountain and the fog was so heavy you could scarcely see five yards ahead. The wet asphalt was covered with a slick layer of leaves. These difficulties did not seem to bother the young Crimean driver, who cameled along as though he were racing sprint.

At the bottom we came to a small river, where we were met by the local fish warden who runs the hatchery. He told us it had been opened only last year, but they had already hatched and set out nearly 50,000 fingerlings. There were some native brown trout in the river, he said, but the new stock were rainbows from a large hatchery in Estonia.

I asked what had prompted them to invest so much in trout, and the warden replied: "We are fulfilling the resolution of the XXI Party Congress to increase all forms of food supply." I asked whether he thought trout hatcheries were a very effective way of increasing food supplies. The warden grinned at me over his shoulder. "Well, fishing's fun, isn't it?" This was not the party line on fishing I had heard from Mr. Khrushchev.

The stream was narrow and thickly overgrown with willow, ash and beech. The warden led me to one of the pools and watched curiously as I assembled my rod. He looked at my flies admiringly,

but when I asked which fly he recommended, he shook his head in a quandary. With the warden, the demon driver, the gamekeeper and our guide as an audience, I tried to cast under the overhanging trees. I was soon hung up in a willow. The warden retrieved the fly and I tried again. A very small brown rose but then changed its mind.

The warden then disappeared into the bushes and returned with two long bamboo poles and a can of worms. He beckoned to my wife, and they went off upstream. For an hour I tried every fly in my box—dry and wet, nymphs and streamers. Except for a few half-hearted strikes none produced any results.

The fishwarden and my wife reappeared with a bucket half full of tiny browns, only one or two were more than six inches long. There was, the warden explained, no minimum-size restriction. He offered me his bamboo rod, but I stubbornly stuck to my fly rod. Then he suggested I put a worm on my fly, but I turned down that proposal indignantly.

For another hour while my wife and the warden continued to pull out the little browns, I went on casting doggedly—sometimes into the river, sometimes into a bush. Then the cloud covering the mountain dissolved into a cold rain. My wife stood shivering on the bank; but the rest of the party, bored by the futile thrashing of the crazy American, had climbed into the car to keep warm. After a few more soggy casts, I dismantled my rod and we headed back to camp, convinced that this was not the Soviet trout paradise I was looking for.

From Yalta we took a ship along the Black Sea coast to the point where the Caucasus Mountains roll gradually down to the sea. High among them, I had been

continued

told, was the beautiful little Lake Ritsa, which most certainly had many trout in it. The jumping-off place for Ritsa was Sochi, a dreary health resort where hundreds of thousands of Soviet vacationers go each year to rest or to be cured of rheumatism in monotonous white sanatoriums and foul-smelling sulphur baths.

I told the local authorities I wanted to take off for the lake as soon as possible. While this was being arranged our local guide said he had a fisherman friend who knew all about fishing in the area. In the evening the fisherman appeared—a gnarled little old man with several days' growth of beard and a shabby suit smelling strongly of fish. The smell revived my hopes. He told me that the best fishing at present was salt-water, and he urged me to go out with him. I insisted I was looking for fresh-water fishing.

"Would you like some salmon fishing?" he asked, and I said I would indeed. He said the Ryzh River running along the road to Lake Ritsa was a good salmon stream in which he had caught fish up to 30 pounds. Above the salmon stream, he said, were two good trout streams, and the lake itself had many trout.

Next morning we left in a large and comfortable limousine. Not far from Sochi we crossed the boundary between Russia proper and the Republic of Georgia. The road was asphalted and a steady stream of open trucks and buses roared along it. Occasionally a goat resting in the center of the road blocked traffic, or a flock of geese or a herd of pigs ambled leisurely among the hurrying vehicles, oblivious to the horn-blowing of impatient drivers. Once or twice we passed old women astride donkeys.

We passed the little resort town of Gagra where, before the revolution, the aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh had built a large Victorian villa and had even imported a sizable chalet from Switzerland which she then had rebuilt as a guest house. Gagra also claims the shortest river in the world. A substantial stream where it pours into the sea, its source is a gushing spring not 50 yards inland.

A two-hour drive brought us to the Ryzh River, and we turned up into the mountains. A sixth century Georgian fortress guards the mouth of the deep gorge up which we climbed. At times the gorge became a narrow canyon 1,500 feet deep and less than a hundred feet across at the top.

Our Sochi fishing friend had told us

precisely where the best salmon waters were, and at the very first I tried one of the homemade spinners he had lent me. It promptly got caught under a rock in midstream, and I had to cut it loose. The rain of yesterday had made the water a dirty gray, and this, my Sochi friend had warned me, would make fishing difficult. I tried one or two more of the spots he had recommended but gave them up and headed for the lake, planning to fish there in the afternoon and wait for clear-water next day to go after salmon.

We found the lake front swarming with Soviet tourists and the water alive with motor launches taking them round the lake. An old-fashioned wooden hotel painted a faded robin's-egg blue, trimmed with white, stood on the water-front. Winding up innumerable stairs and down endless corridors, we were taken to a luxurious suite overlooking the lake. We had been told by a Soviet official in Moscow that this is one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. He was not far wrong. It lies in a bowl surrounded on all sides by steep mountains. The peaks were still buried in heavy snow. Below them a wide belt of snow-

dusted pines reached down to a line of oaks and beeches at the water's edge.

According to an ancient Georgian legend, a beautiful maiden called Ritsa was abducted by two outlaws and carried up the gorge into the mountain forests. Her brother followed the outlaws but they hurled giant boulders down on him. The boulders made a dam behind which the tears of the weeping maiden collected to form the lake named after her.

The lake is a crescent perhaps three miles long. The hotel is at one end, and around the bend there is a large wooden villa—once a favorite vacation home of Joseph Stalin. Across the lake, half hidden in the woods, is another villa, this one a government dacha to which high officials from Moscow come to rest.

While we lunched I asked a decrepit old waiter who served us with the aura of a Czar's butler how the fishing was. "Bad," he answered flatly. "They have fished out the lake." After lunch a fisherman appeared equipped with bamboo rods. Our guide produced the red caviar and we climbed aboard a motorboat.

We anchored the boat in a small cove halfway down the lake. This time I rigged



my spinning rod. Using a dozen lures—Mepps spinners, German spoons and several ingenious devices I had found in New York—I combed the cove but with no results. The rest of the party used the red caviar with no more success.

The water was bitter cold, and the fisherman claimed the trout had all taken refuge in the bottom of the lake. He examined my spinners and pronounced them worthless. We moved up to the head of the lake, where a stream flows in beside Stalin's old villa. Trout were rising in the mouth of the stream. Again I started hurling spinners. At last the tip of my rod twitched and I hauled in a five-inch brown. I pointed out that my equipment was not entirely worthless. The fisherman was using what he called his homemade spinner. Weighing his line with a heavy spoon baited with red caviar, he twirled it in the air and sent it shooting into the stream, almost as far as my spinning rod could reach. A few minutes later he hauled in a brown considerably larger than mine.

The sun had long since set behind the snow-capped mountains at the foot of the lake, and a sharp, cold wind was whipping up the water. For two hours the boatman had been complaining that he had fulfilled his working norm for the day and wanted to go home, but the fisherman argued that foreign guests of Nikita Sergeevich (Khrushchev) took precedence over the Soviet labor laws.

It was almost dark when I gave up. My fingers were so numb I could scarcely operate the reel. As we headed home the fisherman told me that in June and July the trout feed on insects. In those months, early in the morning and at dusk, the surface is continuously broken by rising fish. If I came back then, he said, I would catch all the trout I wanted.

The next day we headed down to the Byb—the salmon stream. I began fishing with a big spoon our friend in Sochi had lent me. Several times my lure got hung up under rocks and I lost two more without so much as a nibble from a salmon. It was even colder than the evening before, and a drenching rain began to fall. My wife took refuge in the limonene and eventually I, too, gave up.

It was still dark next morning when we started for the airport bound for Erivan, the capital of Armenia. Nearby Lake Sevan was our last hope. After a three-hour flight we approached the little mountainous republic on the southern-

most frontier of the Soviet Union. Crossing the last pass before the valley of Erivan, the plane flew hardly a hundred feet above the barren, brown plains. We landed on a hard-baked clay field. A pretty young Armenian lady with the voice and manner of a sergeant major met us with a large bouquet of gladioli.

The sun was sparkling on the graceful, snow-covered slopes of Mount Ararat. I took out my camera to photograph it. But the sergeant major pointed out that photography was forbidden on Soviet airfields. I said that Ararat was in Turkey and therefore not subject to Soviet jurisdiction, but she was firm. Besides, she said, in the fourth century B.C. Ararat had been Armenian. Someday, she said, the Armenians hoped they would get it back. I told her that, thanks to Noah and his ark, Ararat was the home not only of all mankind but also of all the beasts and the birds. We found no fishermen in Erivan, but we were told that the chief Armenian fishing inspector and a leading ichthyologist were waiting at Lake Sevan to greet us next morning.

Sevan is about 35 miles from Erivan in an area forbidden to foreigners, but for as the restriction apparently had been waived. The road, a good asphalt highway, climbed nearly 4,000 feet over rolling, barren plains where goats and sheep were grazing. The lake itself is nearly 50 miles long and 25 wide. Like Lake Ritsa, it is beautifully situated at the foot of snow-covered mountains. After a wait of an hour or so the fishing inspector appeared with a very friendly lady who introduced herself as a scientific worker at the fishery station. She agreed, she said, that the director of the station was away and all the other scientific workers had chosen the day to dig potatoes. Furthermore, she said, the hatchery was 30 miles away and the road so it was impassable. There was another hatchery which would be interesting to see, but that was 40 miles away and there was no road to it at all. Finally, she said, we had come too late in the day and the fishing operations were finished. They had been expecting us two hours earlier.

It was the only time we had been deliberately prevented from going where we wanted, and I suspected that some local security chief had refused us clearance. After registering our disappointment and displeasure, we sat down on a bench by the beach while the lady expert and the fishing inspector told us about the wonders of the trout of Lake Sevan. The Sevan trout, they said, are

unlike any other type of trout in the world. They are silver and without any markings. The lake has four distinct sub-species, some of which grow to 30 pounds, but the average is less than three pounds.

The fish inspector produced a little blue book containing the regulations for sport fishing. The first regulation is a quotation from the Armenian Constitution stating that every citizen has a right to fish. However, we were told, sports fishermen may not use nets and must fish from the shore. I suggested we try casting from the beach, but the inspector said it was quite useless as you couldn't catch fish from the shore.

While we were talking a fishing launch came by and the inspector invited me to go out and fish from it. The launch took us to what the inspector said was a favorite spot for sports fishermen. I reminded him that he had said sports fishermen could fish only from the shore. He countered by retarding the Armenian Constitution on the rights of citizens to fish. When I asked if the Sevan trout could be taken with an artificial fly, the inspector said that Armenian trout are far too stupid to be fooled by artificial flies. In fact, he said, they cannot even be fooled by natural bait. However, he said, two or three years ago it had been discovered that they could be taken by jiggling with a large silver or gold spoon. At this, I stopped asking questions and started jiggling with my largest silver spoon.

For half an hour I jigged without results. We moved to another spot and I jigged again. A strong wind blew up and the little launch began to toss about, taking in considerable water—much of it on my lap. Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that Lake Sevan, like Yalta and Ritsa and the Byb, was not the fisherman's paradise I was looking for—at least not this season.

We were ashore, thanked our hosts and started back to Erivan. From there we flew on for a day to Tiflis, then back to Moscow.

The fabulous Soviet trout stream I was seeking may still exist, tucked away in some remote mountain valley. I suspect, however, that the anti-angling Mr. Khrushchev has no ambitious five-year plans for the fly-fishermen of his country and that the next Russian trout I see will, like the first one, be lying on a plate, stuffed with caviar. **END**



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BOXING / Gilbert Rogin

A smile and a shoeshine

Pete Rademacher came to town to wheel, deal and get keyed. He may also have got 'middled'



Start big and you'll end big," says Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*. This, too, is the wistful path of Pete Rademacher, who once—with a smile, a shoeshine and an Olympic gold medal—raised a purse of \$250,000 and fought for the heavyweight championship of the world. Rademacher had the distinction—and the pain—of being the first amateur to box for the title; the first, at least, since 1805, when Henry Pearce, The Game Chicken, found John Gully, an utter novice, in a debtors' prison and whipped him in 64 rounds.

Four years, 16 professional fights and a thousand smiles and shoeshines later, Rademacher, now 32, arrived in New York recently, wearing a sincere chaffin necktie, to fight Doug Jones, the second-ranked light heavyweight. Pete still hoped people would regard him as an amateur; most do. "I am a pro," he said outmurmuringly, "hiding behind the cloak of obscurity of amateurism. The amateur represents the clean boy. That's what I want to be. Some people still think I don't get paid. When I go to the gym, people look at me with puzzled eyes—"how does he do it?" I dream up the business.

"Anything will work out," explained Pete glibly, "if you're a good listener at the right time, a good salesman at the right time. My thinking has been developed by having things work out. Every salesman has to have the ability to sell himself; that sells his product. Boxing is

just a hobby, a good, easy hobby, and a means of education. It develops my personality, it teaches me how to sell myself, to sell ideas. Boxing gives me exposure. I've gained a little fitness in it, too."

Whatever fitness he may have gained, Pete certainly got his exposure a fortnight ago—if not as an amateur, certainly as something approaching a nonfighter. (Gully, on the other hand, eventually won the title and became a Member of Parliament.) Rademacher, who took the spread stance of a lobster, used his heavy-handed jab to win the first round from Jones, who unaccountably wore his trunks up underneath his armpits. Jones took the second; one of his punches, a fearful blow to the short ribs, where Pete said he had torn several ligaments while sparring earlier in the week, eventually nullified Pete's left and took the fight out of him. Rademacher did manage to win the third with three spectacular but harmless rights. Jones knocked Pete down twice in the fourth and once more in the fifth, and in the same round knocked him out, bunting his left ear.

"See how nice that is," the doctor chirped later like an obscene tailor, as he sewed eight stitches in Pete's concha, or external ear. "Isn't it pretty? You're just a dandy patient. I wish all the boys would be as good a patient as you. But you're a man; you note I called the others boys."

A boxing of that order might have discouraged other men from continuing to

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fight, but not Pete, who has had offers from such towns as Yakima and Bellingham, Wash. and Rome, Ga., places where he could overthrow fighters more men than he and pick up some change. And then, too, Mr. Rademacher, as the clerk of scales called him at the weigh-in, has other interests. At the weigh-in Pete was full of beans, toting gold and silver mine stocks ("I dabble in mutual funds, too") and trying to live up to boasts for Eddie Cotton, a light heavyweight he manages. When he posed for the traditional face-off picture with Jones, he brandished his left thumb in Doug's face. Jones insolently brushed it aside. "I've overestimated Mr. Jones," Pete said gaily, "so when I've given him a good looking, taken him down to the darkroom, I'll feel I've accomplished something. I've got 17 pounds, 15 inches and 40 horsepower on him—and two good thumbs." An hour after the weigh-in, over a cup of tea, he seemed dispirited, however. "I'm not killing time," he said gloomily, "time's killing me."

The Spider's Lair

But Rademacher had other propositions to bury him up. He was trying to get into a business manufacturing toys to rehabilitate crippled children; he murmured something about being connected with "a research and development firm"; he hoped, eventually, to go into "product representation"; he had been "approached by a corporation of three gentlemen in financing" to manage Bill Nieder, the Olympic shotput champion who intends to become a professional boxer; and he had made a pilot film for a proposed TV series called *Cover Over Fighting*. This was filmed by Peter De Met, who produced *All-Star Golf* and *Championship Bowling*; the idea is on the order of carnival-booth fighting but gimmicked and glorified with buzzers, electric eyes and green and white sections of the ring, the white called *The Spider's Lair*, where Rademacher is supposed to lurk menacingly. The perhaps ingenious concept is to give "rough mugs" a chance to win \$1,000 by boxing three minutes with Pete without getting knocked down. "It'll show Mr. John Doe Public what it's like to fight a professional," said Pete, neglecting for a visionary moment his self-styled anaricism. "I'm intrigued with it. It's so offbeat it might go."

Pete's fondest hope, however, was the prospect of managing Sonny Liston. This, he said modestly, "has marvelous possibilities. Mr. No. 1 in the publicity



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BOXING *continued*

rankings, him No. 1 in the heavyweight rankings. I'm after one thing—to help boxing; and, of course, there's the business end. Money, money, money; just think of it coming in. I'll give it all to the church. What church? The Rademacher church! And if I can't make Sonny see the light of me as his manager, then I'll turn against him and challenge him to a fight." Circumspectly ignoring the latter, Pete said he had called, with a sample case full of integrity, on Jack Benoni, special counsel to the Kefauver subcommittee; "someone high up in Bobby Kennedy's office"; Irving Kahn, the president of TelePrompTer; Al Balaban of Championship Sports (formerly Feature Sports); and Julius November, Floyd Patterson's lawyer.

When Margaret Rademacher, Pete's wife, expressed her regret at the outcome of the Jones fight, Pete assured her: "It was a presentation situation, honey. I had to be in New York to see Lister." Indeed, the day before he fought Jones, Lister called on him. "How ya, ya-hg herst?" said Rademacher with a gleam, and took him to lunch and to pay his respects to General Melvin Kralevitch, chairman of the New York boxing commission. "I explained to Sonny what I do for myself," Pete said, "what I can do for him, what a good twist it is, what a good twist it is. I told him he was the No. 1 product." Evidently impressed, Sonny came to town again, this time for

a bizarre meeting with Gus D'Amato, Patterson's manager. Afterward, Sonny visited Pete. "How ya, ya big son of a buck!" said Rademacher. Lister sat on the couch in his Baptist-black suit and regarded his awestruck pointed shoes. "He crazy," Sonny said hoarsely. "He wouldn't let me get a word in sideways. That white dog of his was jumping all over me. I tell you, he crazy."

Last week, at home in Columbus, Ga., Pete waited for Sonny's decision. It appeared, however, that Sonny had made his mind up some time ago and Pete had been what they call "muddled." It was reliably reported that Sonny had signed with George Katz, a Philadelphian who looks like George Raft and who once managed Gil Turner. The contract, which is for 10%, of Sonny, is contingent on Katz's being certified as an Eagle Scout or the Ivory Soap baby. Evidently, Katz has the good name he says he has; it burns him here when he is reminded that his brother is a bookseller.

"I'm Mr. Clean," Pete Rademacher said desperately. "I'll dress up like Mr. Clean, and you can put me on the cover of your magazine. Now wouldn't that be something! Whoa-hoo!"

"Don't worry," said Sonny. "My manager will be so clean I'm going to wash him myself."

"I'm not happy," said Pete, "unless I'm showing off ideas."

In *Death of a Salesman* a guy says: "A salesman's got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory."

809



JONES FELL RADEMACHER IN FIFTH ROUND; SECONDS LATER THE FIGHT WAS OVER

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Bob and his marvelous monster



ROBERT EVANS BEAMS PROUDLY FROM COCKPIT OF HIS NEARLY COMPLETED CRAFT

A bumptious millionaire from Detroit builds a jet boat to win back his own trophy

Into the calm, chill waters of Saginaw Bay, Mich., this week will be launched one of the most powerful and impractical speedboats ever built. Driven by an F-84 jet fighter engine, its bright, white hull (above) combines the unlovely shape of a lobster with the wallowing weight of a walrus. There is a fair chance that the freakish craft, to be christened *Mix Stars and Stripes II*, will founder in its own bow wave the first time it hits 20 mph, and a good chance that at higher speeds it won't stay in the water at all, but will fly—briefly. If none of these misfortunes overtakes it, *Mix Stars and Stripes II*, however, may well achieve the dual purpose for which she was built: breaking the world water-speed record of 260.35 mph held by Donald Campbell of England and satisfying the long-thwarted competitive ambition of its owner, Robert B. Evans of Detroit.

Robert Beverley Evans ("with an *ey* in Beverly, please; it is often misspelled") is an intriguing new figure in a sport that attracts intriguing figures. Fifty-five years old, he has a head full of reddish hair, a face with a thousand wrinkles, a quick, frank smile and eyes as cool and blue as Lake Michigan. He

has made millions of dollars—as did his father before him—and his personality is no more modest than his means.

He considers himself, with some justification, an ingenious inventor. "I must have had a thousand ideas of ways to do things better," he says. "They just come to me. One hit me the other day like a ton of bricks. I forget it now. But I guess I hold 15 to 20 actual patents—no, if there's one thing I can't stand it is an overstatement. Let's say 10 to 15 patents." Among them are a fishing lure that snags concealed hooks into the outside of a fish after it bites and a boat so unsinkable that "you could get lost in the middle of Lake Superior with a hole in the bottom and you might starve, but you won't drown."

He made his money, however, not with inventions, but in the world of business and finance. Starting with a sandwich-and-raccoon-coat concession at the University of Michigan—"Father thought a rich man's son should be poor and gave me no money"—he now owns three companies outright. "I enjoy taking sick companies and making them well," he says. "It is a pleasure to see the lines of worry vanish from the employees' faces." He is also vice-president of the Evans Products Company, a \$100-million-a-yearplywood-products firm which his father, Colonel E. S. Evans, founded in 1915.

It was the colonel, in fact, who set the

first and only world speed record held by the Evans family to date. In 1926 he went around the world a la Phileas Fogg—by steamship, ricksha, airplane, etc.—in 28 days 14 hours and 36 minutes, beating the old record by a week. He returned to denounce the American airline industry as woefully behind the times, and to warn: "Russia is in the hands of violence. That country is worthy of American study."

Son Robert has done his best to follow in the astute and adventurous tradition of the colonel. "I was lucky, for the good Lord imbued me with no sense of fear," Evans says. And fearlessly, one presumes, he took up gliding and speedboating, nearly killing himself at each. "I have always needed an exciting sporting sideline," he says. "You may say that I am not a vegetable."

He learned his gliding in Switzerland in 1929 and came back to be the self-styled "first glider pilot in the U.S." (The fact that one John Joseph Montgomery was gliding in California 45 years before shocked Evans not at all.)

Once he was almost killed when his glider crashed into an oak tree in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Later he nearly drowned crash-landing into a bay on Cape Cod. And finally he almost died of humiliation the day old Henry Ford arranged for him to give a demonstration of gliding at a Detroit airport. At the take-off, he sheared the wings off the

continued

glider, which collapsed in a heap, leaving Evans sitting in a pile of splinters and nails, like a Wright brother gone wrong.

Turning to speedboats in 1932, Evans got the idea of attaching small, winglike appendages below the water line of a Chris-Craft he owned. He was delighted when the boat's hull lifted clear of the surface and sped down the Detroit River on its steel water wings. Characteristically, Evans assumed he had discovered the hydrofoil, only to learn Alexander Graham Bell was among those who had beaten him to it. "The only thing new was my enthusiasm," he recalls.

In 1936, still fired with enthusiasm, he bolted a set of hydrofoils onto a cigar-shaped craft named *Miss U.S. III* and set out to break the old water-speed record of 124 mph held by his Detroit neighbor, Gar Wood. He almost made it, too.

"Unofficially I broke the record several times," Evans says. "But I never could get the boat ready for an official try."

And, of course, he almost got killed. Going 90 mph in a test run over a turbulent stretch of the Detroit River, he was suddenly thrown out of the boat, the force of his impact with the water ripping off all his clothes. He bobbed to the surface, safe, shocked and stark naked.

Shortly thereafter he retired from speedboating—but not because of either the danger or the embarrassment. "That's an expensive sport," says Evans, and "when Mr. Roosevelt decided a man could only keep 10% of what he earned in business I gave it up."

Three years ago, after 23 years of relatively sedentary diversions such as golf, fishing and skin-diving, Evans came out of retirement. "It dawned on me there was no trophy for the death-defying man who sets the world record for speed on water," Evans said. "I got a great idea for a trophy. You'll love it when you see it. It is so different. I wanted something international and symbolic, and the world is so tiny. On trophies, I mean. That's when I thought of the U.N. building."

The trophy is a two-foot silver scale model of the U.N. building, with miniature figures of record-break-

ing boats around its base. "I named it the Robert Beverly Evans Trophy," said Evans. "I thought of calling it the Robert Evans trophy, but there are a lot of Robert Evanses in the world."

In the summer of 1958 Evans took his trophy to London and presented it to Donald Campbell. "I told Donald that within three years I'd be coming to take it back." To remind himself, Evans had an exact copy of the trophy made for his office and another placed in the lobby of the Detroit Yacht Club.

Within a year he tried to break Campbell's record with a propeller-driven hydroplane named *Miss Stars and Stripes I*. "That boat couldn't get out of its own way," he said. "Its top speed was 90 mph."

Last summer Evans decided to build a jet boat and went to see Les Staudacher, the celebrated manufacturer of church pews and Gold Cup-winning hydroplanes (SI, April 23, 1956). Staudacher had already constructed one jet boat in which he narrowly escaped death when he ran aground at 150 mph. But Staudacher was willing and anxious to design and drive another one.

"We signed a contract," said Evans. "Alcoa is putting up the aluminum, but I am paying for everything else myself. No company or publicity angle is in-

volved. It is a true sporting venture with me, and the cost is coming out of my hide. I told Les, 'Les,' I said, 'this is my party; stay out of the picture.'" He liked the deal and has tried to stay out of the picture.

The result of the Evans-Staudacher teamwork is what Evans calls "my fascinating monster." The design of *Miss Stars and Stripes* is strikingly similar to Campbell's *Bluebird* but was not arrived at until 30 test models showed this to be the best shape. Basically she is a three-point hydroplane, built to skim over the water on three small planing surfaces, one at the stern and one on each of her protruding spars. Her jet engine (worth \$47,000 new, but costing \$240 at a government-surplus sale) develops 5,800 pounds of thrust at 8,000 rpm. "It has enough power," says Staudacher, "to go straight up."

"Hydrodynamically," Staudacher says, "you'll never see a wump boat. Its forward motion may swamp it at 20 mph. Our models indicate it will just, by the narrowest margin, get up into the planing position. We don't have much margin for error," he admits, "and we don't know what is going to happen after 100 mph. Models don't show you that."

Last week, just before the launching, Les Staudacher was warming up his nerves and reflexes for the record try by driving a Gold Cup hydroplane at 150 mph. And Bob Evans had his lawyers arguing with his insurance men over whether he himself could drive his "fascinating monster." His life is insured for \$1 million, and he sees no reason why he shouldn't drive his boat. The insurance men, however, can see a million good reasons why he shouldn't.

Besides getting the world record, Evans also wants to start some roaring international water-speed competition. "This boat has got to break Campbell's record," he said. "We won't quit until it does. If we only beat Campbell by one mile an hour he'll come right back at us and that's what I'm looking for. This could become a classic competition, like the America's Cup. Everyone likes a friendly race, especially an international one. It stirs pride and patriotism. We are ready."



ROBERT BEVERLY EVANS TROPHY is given to Donald Campbell (left) by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Beverly Evans.

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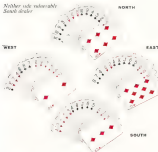
CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Improving on good

The 10th world bridge championship in Buenos Aires was barely finished before the usual debates over the relative merits of bidding systems began. To this observer, the point is clear: systems had little to do with the outcome. As always, the team guilty of the fewest errors—in this case the Italians—won.

If systems played a part at all, they probably had an adverse effect on their users. The French masters, Pierre Gheslens and René Bucherich, again employed their highly artificial methods, but this style of play seems to have ceased to mesmerize the opposition. Time after time, bids left their wielders more confused than the enemy. No such misfortune befell the natural-bidding Italians and Americans. Here is a hand, played on the 104th deal in the match between the U.S. and Italy, in which the U.S. made a good Italian score better.

Neither side noticeably
South dealer



This was the bidding the first time the deal was played:

SOUTH (Lorenz)	WEST (Gerber)	NORTH (Belladonna)	EAST (Hodge)
1♥	3♠	PASS	PASS
3♥	PASS	3♠	PASS
4♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 7 of clubs

In the Roman Club system played by Walter Avarelli and Giorgio Belladonna, partner may not pass an opening bid of one in a suit. With a minimum hand, he is obliged to answer in the next-higher-ranking suit. Thus, had John Gerber passed the West hand, North would have been compelled to bid one spade, but in this case, Avarelli bid the spades himself, showing a strong hand by his "canapé" reverse. North raised to three, and South went to game.

Declarer ruffed the opening club and, playing safe for his contract, led a low heart. East, played by Paul Hodge, made his queen and led another club. South ruffed, cashed the ace and queen of trumps and played the ace and another heart, won by West's king. East discarding the 8 of diamonds. A club continuation, forcing declarer to use his last trump, would have set the contract. However, fearing declarer might be able to pitch dummy's diamond on a heart, West shifted to a diamond. Declarer took the ace and discarded one of dummy's clubs on a heart, letting East ruff. But South had a trump and a heart to take care of dummy's last two clubs and game was made. In the other room the U.S. was North-South.

SOUTH (Lorenz)	WEST (Gerber)	NORTH (Belladonna)	EAST (Hodge)
1♥	PASS	3♠	PASS
3♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Howard Schenken's jump to three spades was pre-emptive and based on a hunch that the opponents had the better of the cards. Even though Schenken and Peter Leventritt play this bid as pre-emptive rather than forcing, the bid should represent far more values than the North hand actually held, and South was justified in jumping to six spades.

The opening lead was the same, and Levantritt ruffed. But, needing to make six, he cashed the diamond ace, trumped a diamond in dummy and led the jack of hearts. East covered with the queen and South took the ace, trumped another diamond and drew the trumps in three leads. He conceded a trick to West's heart king and still had a trump with which to regain the lead and win the rest of the tricks with his established hearts, making six.

EXTRA TRICK

Sometimes, the more you bid the more you make. But it is also true that sometimes the necessity for playing all out may bring about a sizable set, where a modest bid will permit you to employ a safety play which assures the contract. **END**

DON'T CALL ME HONEST

Don't call me honest," begs Jack Hurley, sipping Cordon Bleu cognac and preparing to eat one of his favorite Chinese meals. "You'll ruin me."

It is cruel and unfair to stigmatize a boxing figure as "honest," and no one knows this better than Jack Hurley, the lean and dour manager-promoter who has made a career out of converting third-rate fighters into first-rate attractions. In the weird world of boxing a certain amount of dishonesty is not only expected, but almost demanded. One can, for example, tell the public that one's fighter has had 46 straight victories, conveniently leaving out the fact that he was kayoed in Pocatello and decimated in Amarillo and actually has a string of one straight, and this against a fuzzy-checked lad just out of the Southwest Iowa Golden Gloves.

This is a standard kind of dishonesty, and it has never attracted Jack Hurley. He has, instead, gone to the top of his odd craft as manager, promoter and all-round publicity man by telling the truth, with only occasional side excursions into what might be called "the fringe truth." It was *raw*, for example, that Hurley's fighter, Harry Matthews, had won 35 straight fights, 38

by knockout, and looked like the only logical opponent for Rocky Marciano. It was so true that the Houses of Congress rang with polysyllabic demands for the fight and for congressional investigations of those opposing it. During all the hubbub, no one ever heard Jack Hurley pointing out the rest of the truth—that Matthews had run up his string almost entirely against bandle stiffs and novices carefully selected by Hurley either because (a) they could not fight, or (b) their styles were perfect for Matthews.

Yet Hurley did not lie, and he does not lie. Such steadfast refusal to avoid the flat untruth is what has made Hurley, now 63 and hustling the road as a press agent, one of the most respected figures in boxing today. Newspaper sportswriters like Red Smith, Frank Graham and Shirley Povich find it almost impossible to write about him in anything but superlatives. Damon Runyon once said that he had known only two honest fight managers in his life: "One is Jack Hurley, and I forget the name of the other one." Wrote Jimmy Cannon: "When Hurley again shows up in a corner, cranky and cynical, tall and wise, that will mean the racket's

again a sport." In England Hurley was tagged "The Heavyweight Champion of the Word." One British journalist wrote: "I only wish there were more Hurleys in this world." In his adopted home town Hurley is called "the conscience of Seattle."

Certainly he is most of these. But mainly Jack Hurley is a walking anachronism, and always has been—a living epitaph for boxing as it might have been but almost never was, when a good fight manager handled his warrior like a son, told him when to fight and when to quit, took care of his finances and showed him how to behave in and out of the ring. "I don't say I'm honest," says Hurley. "I never take part in a big swindle, though I might take part in a small one. But my word is accepted in boxing, and that's good enough for me." He quickly recovers himself when he realizes he is tooting his own kazoo and adds: "Just say that my occupation is traveling about from town to town selling lies."

Hurley in action contradicts these last words. Now "between fighters," he sometimes travels the ridges of the Northwest as advance man for the



PART I

by JACK OLSEN

Beginning the story of Jack Hurley, A&T manager, fight promoter, public relations genius, unknown in the old days aside of being as a man who keeps his word

Harlem Globetrotters, building up gates and planting favorable stories—this is spite of the fact that he has hardly ever seen the Trotters in action. One year he witnessed their opening game in Chicago (because he happened to be there) and their closing game in Seattle (because he lived there), and absolutely no others. He called on a sportswriter and began one of his patented spials: "Those Trotters, they are terrific. You should see that Meadowlark Lemon on the pivot. Why, he has the biggest hands I've ever seen. The way they set up their defense, you can't get within 30 feet of the basket. Layups are impossible against the Trotters."

The sportswriter interrupted: "What do you know about the Trotters, Jack? How often do you ever see them play?"

Who knows what a lesser man would have answered? Hurley, exploding the fringe truth, said simply: "Every chance I get."

On a few occasions, Hurley's sometimes sharp tongue has provided some uncomfortable moments for others. In 1957 the restaurateurs of Seattle arranged a testimonial dinner for the man who had brought hundreds of thousands of dollars into their towns with his promotions.

(continued)

They gave Hurley a \$400 vicuña coat and zorroed goggles and then made the awful mistake of asking him to say a few words. Hurley drew himself up to his full 71 inches of *asoribity* and said, tongue in cheek and dead pan, "I've been connected with a few swistles in my time, but this one tops them all. Fifteen bucks a smink. Hell, I only charged \$20 to use the heavyweight champion of the world." He complained about the weather (a terribly sore point in rainy Seattle), and closed by pointing out that the city's restaurant food was so bad that "I have to make two trips a year to the Mayo Clinic." Some of the audience thought he was serious, and squirmed. But Hurley's true feelings were given away as he walked out. Visibly touched but trying not to show it, he said: "Now I suppose I'll have to stay in this town forever."

Food is one of Hurley's few passions. In 1934 two-thirds of his ulcerated stomach was removed. A man with a third of a stomach can't store up food; he is always hungry. Hurley now eats six meals a day. "I'm slowly going broke against a knife and a fork," he says. His last big meal is at midnight, after which the waitress brings him a carton of milk and a few bananas for a 4 a.m. snack.

"I'm a firm believer in eating before you go to bed," says Hurley. "Otherwise you might wake up in such a weakened condition that you can't get down to breakfast." Chinese food is his favorite; on some days his entire mood will depend on the quality of the sweet and sour sauce. His first act on arriving in a strange town is to find out where the Chinese restaurants are. But, alas, an hour later he is hungry.

Hurley is a creature of the indoors and the dark. He never in his life slept well, which he attributes to rheumatism, sinusitis and various other ailments. His working day begins at 10 a.m. and ends at 4 a.m. His home is Room 679 of Seattle's Olympic Hotel. Room 679 is not one of the Olympic's larger rooms; one can almost reach out and touch both walls simultaneously. When Hurley is promoting a fight his room becomes a bedlam of claustrophobic chatter. Here will come a broadcaster from Florida, bearing his tape recorder, and Hurley

will take him into the bathroom for an "exclusive" interview. A mob of sports-writers will be sprawled all over the bed and the two trunks, leaping through stacks of press clippings and handouts prepared by Hurley, and each of the writers will somehow have been given the impression that his stack is exclusive to him. Always there will be a box full of tickets on the bed. Cash customers periodically will knock at the door to buy direct from Hurley. Vision of good \$5 tickets will fill their heads; they will leave the room happy to have been given the privilege of purchasing \$15 tickets.

For the 1957 Pete Rademacher-Floyd Patterson fight (an incredible pro-amateur affair which could only have been promoted by a neorenaissance, and was) Hurley peddled \$74,000 worth of tickets

out of the box on his bed. He stuffs the money in his pants pocket; the box is his ticket office, the pocket is his safe, and the bathroom is his recording studio. He handles every last flyspeck detail of every event he promotes. He sells tickets, goes on radio and TV, writes the publicity on a 20-year-old Corona portable, handles all business arrangements, personally supervises the erection of the ring and lays out the seating arrangements.

But an eager-beaver compulsion to handle all details can produce as many failures as successes, especially in boxing. What has made Jack Hurley a success (and made his mediocre fighters wealthy men) has not been mere hard work but a genius for public relations, a rare ability to combine the colorful

continued

Before a big fight, Jack Hurley's office is his hotel room, overflowing with press clippings, publicity releases, tickets and almost always a sportswriter or two



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quote with a bland look and then to get columns of free publicity. He sounds like Samuel Johnson talking through the mouth of Buster Keaton, and he invariably gets "prized." Out roll the aphorisms in sonorous succession: "Putting a fighter in the business world is like putting silk stockings on a pig." "The only reward for a married man is death." "I think that every young man should have a hobby. Learning how to handle money is the best hobby." His countenance remains vaguely unchanged, but one suspects that inside he is laughing and looking forward to the next day's sports pages with their Hurleys and puff for the promotion.

When Hurley and his fighter would arrive in another city to begin training, reporters would carefully keep one ear cocked toward Hurley even while they were interviewing his fighter, and often his asides would make an entire column the next day. When Harry Matthews was training at Jack Solomon's seedy gym in London, British reporters tried to mine Matthews for quotes. "Are you doing any sightseeing, Harry?"

"No, I just can't seem to get interested in that stuff."

"What do you plan to do when you retire, Harry?"

"I haven't decided yet."

"Do you do any reading, Harry?"

"No, I never could find anything that would hold me."

Matthews put on his clothes and began to leave the gym. "Hey, Harry," said a reporter, "Aren't you going to put on your tie?"

Matthews reached for his neck, said, "Oh, I thought I had it on."

Hurley, sitting quietly in the corner, peered through his rimless glasses, his face flicked, and said: "Fool around, Harry, and see if you're still in bed."

When all other assets have failed Hurley is not above perpetrating an honest hoax on reporters. Before the amateur, Rademacher, was to be fed to the professional, Patterson, the press exonerated Promoter Hurley, and all but accused him of pronouncing a death sentence on the poor neophyte. This was followed by an embargo-like newspaper silence.

continued

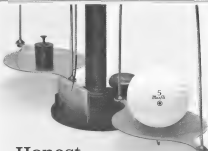
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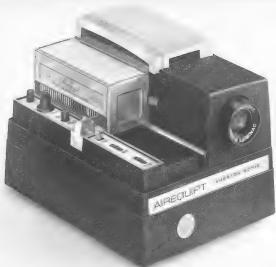
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Hurley broke through the blockade by sending out a release announcing that the "Friends and Relatives of Pete Rademacher Society, of which I am president," would bar reporters from the fight. An awful din went up, most of it on page one of the sports sections. Hurley followed this bomb with a release stating that the "Friends and Relatives" had relented on his request, had set up a screening committee and that applications for press tickets would be accepted "if accompanied by one favorable story." Among many others, Bill Curran fell for the gag and announced hubbly that he would go fishing during the fight. "Ain't that a bitch!" exclaimed Hurley, slapping his side. When the furious publicity had worn itself out Hurley sent tickets to every accredited boxing writer, just as he had always intended.

The immediate result of this sort of broohaha is that Hurley winds up getting more publicity than the fighter, but the final result is a bigger gas for the fight. Many have come to look on Hurley as a man who is publicity mad, like a Hollywood starlet, but the opposite seems closer to the mark. Hurley wants publicity for Hurley *only* when he is involved in a big promotion and the promotion will thereby benefit. At all other times, he is as publicity-shy as a Chicago gangster. Once a reporter, against Hurley's wishes, traveled from New York to the West Coast to do a story on Hurley at a time when Hurley had nothing going in the ring. For three days, at high expense, the reporter followed him all over the Northwest. Finally, Hurley called the reporter in. "Look, kid," he said. "You know I didn't want this in the first place. Now what I'm gonna do is pay all your expenses for the whole trip out here, and you go back to New York and tell your editor I'm too tall for a story. O.K.?"

Hurley came by his space-grabbing ability at an early age. He began promoting fights in his home town of Fargo, N.D. in his early 20s, after giving up a career as a boxer, "because I didn't have the physical equipment." The editor of the local newspaper looked on boxing as an evil and refused to give Hurley's promotions any publicity. Hurley promptly

continued



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HURLEY *continues*

announced the creation of a free newspaper, to be written and edited by himself. ("And me with an eighth-grade education. Why, I couldn't even spell 'newspaper.'") The plan was to drop the free paper in barber shops, pool halls, cigar stores and Elks' clubs—"any place where there were people sitting around doing nothing." Within three days Hurley sold \$300 worth of advertising and soon had published his first edition, whereupon the editor of the daily paper called Hurley in, promised plenty of coverage and asked him to abandon his idea. "So I said O.K.," Hurley recalls, "and after that, this guy gave me so much space that it was embarrassing. My first show had drawn \$300 and my second show with the aid of the free newspaper—sold \$1,600. Then the daily began giving full coverage, and the third show drew \$3,200. I was so embarrassed at all the publicity he gave us I asked him to cut it down a little."

Early in the promoting game Hurley ran into the resistance of his widowed mother and her brother. "Uncle Dan told Ma that boxing wasn't a nice business, and he said I was disgracing the family name. I said, 'Ma, I am not going to disgrace the family name. I have an ability to teach fighters, and I'm gonna develop a fighter from this town that'll make the town proud of the town, not of me.' I said, 'Ma, as long as I don't get in any trouble and don't steal any money why don't you let me have a shot at it?'"

"So reluctantly she let me go ahead. So now I run a couple shows, and one morning I come home and I drop 100 \$5 bills on the table loosely, and Ma ran and pulled down all the blinds. She said, 'We'll be robbed.' I said, 'That's for you.' She said, 'I don't need anything.' She already had one dress. So she hid the money in dishes and closets and other places. If anybody'd robbed us it woulda taken him three weeks to find all the money."

"So now Uncle Dan tells Ma that he wants a free ticket to the next fight. I say, 'Ma, Uncle Dan can not get a free ticket; nobody gets free tickets except the press.' She looked like she was

continued



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HURLEY *continued*

gonna cry; so I put \$3 down on the table and said, 'He can buy a ticket with that, but he can't have a free ticket.' "

Soon Hurley was developing fighters and running a gym, charging local boys \$2 a month for the facilities. A steady customer was his little brother, then about 15. "One night I got a show scheduled, and I gotta be referee and time-keeper and everything else, and one of the fighters don't show up. In comes my brother and he's just had supper, I said, 'Get your clothes on, Hank, you got a fight.' He says, 'I just had my supper.' I says, 'I don't care, you got a fight.' He says, 'I'll tell Ma.' I says, 'I can't help it. Get your clothes on.'

"Well, he made it through this four-round no-decision fight, and then he got sick to his stomach. The next morning I come down to breakfast, and Ma doesn't say a word to me. I says, 'What's the matter?' She says, 'You're a nice fellow.' I says, 'What'd I do now?' She says disgustedly, 'Making Henry fight!'

"Then Hank comes in, and he says, 'O.K., I fought, now give me the dollar you're supposed to give.' I says, 'What d'ya want me to do, jeopardize your amateur standing?' So a week later I took him down and bought him a suit and an overcoat."

Hurley hadn't asked his brother to do anything that he himself hadn't done many times. One night in North Dakota he took a promising young welterweight named Russ LeRoy into a strange town for a fight, and the opponent failed to show. Rather than lose the purse, Hurley sailed up, took the name Doyle and prepared to go into the ring against his own fighter. "I say to this LeRoy that if he dares to hit me in the body I will carve him into thinner slices than you get in a clip joint, but LeRoy buries his fists in my body up to the elbow. Somehow I went the whole six rounds. While LeRoy is bowing to the four corners like an ambassador, I crawl back to my dressing room. However, at least I get all my purse money on account of I have no manager, but I mean certainly cut LeRoy right down the middle for his purse."

In those early years of the 1920s it was often touch and go for Hurley and his energetic career as a manager, teacher

continued

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*This photograph was taken by Harold E. Edgerton and John Tyndall of MIT with a one-half microsecond flash from the new Strobflash developed by Edgerton, Gerschlager & Choi, Inc., Boston

HURLEY *continued*

and impresario. "When we'd get a fight out of town the promoter would always send round-trip coach tickets for me and my fighter, and we would always turn in the tickets for cash and ride the rods to the fight. I can remember many a night, sleeping with my head on a hank of coal on the tender. But that little extra money was important. We thought nothing of beating our way on the rods all the way to Des Moines, 500 miles away, and back again."

Hurley soon learned that there were many ways to build gates. He developed a "boo fighter," the prototype of the present-day wrestling phonies who play the villain's role. "He used to butt and gouge and kick and everything else," Hurley recalls, "and pretty soon he was selling the place out, they hated him so much. He won a whole string of fights, and everybody there is dying to see him licked. So Jack Dempsey comes into town, and I arrange an exhibition. Dempsey carries the guy for two rounds and then knocks him cold. It was a great curd."

Hurley also developed two Masked Marvels. The first was a professional pitcher named Lynn Nelson, who would play ball in the daytime and go into the ring at night, masked so his baseball manager wouldn't spot him. "He could have been one of the greatest middleweights ever," says Hurley. "He had 21 fights and scored 21 early knockouts. So one day I said to him, 'Lynn, you gotta decide. Baseball or boxing. You can't go on like this.' A week later he told me he thought he had a better future in baseball." Nelson's ability at self-appraisal is measured by the fact that, although he became a major league pitcher, he was soon immortalized as "Line Drive Nelson."

Hurley's second Masked Marvel was a strong young amateur from Virginia, Minn, named Handsome Pica. Hurley tells the story: "Rumie Leroy was going great guns then, and this kid Pica had the same physique as Leroy. I had an old pair of Leroy's green boxing tights that I used to play handball in, and I took this kid and I swore him to secrecy and I gave him Leroy's tights to wear



Harley's best fighter was Roy, Petrucci

and I schooled him real careful in how to irritate Leroy, even to the way he walked and carried his towel into the ring.

"Then I matched him on the Masked Marvel against a tough-looking kid who couldn't take a punch, and Pica knocks him out in one round. Now the papers get interested, and I swear to them that the Masked Marvel is a local amateur who has never had a pro fight (which is true), and I swear that I'll unveil him as soon as he loses.

"Well, the sports editor comes to me and he says, 'You got a hell of a nerve. We oughta run you outa town. We know who that Masked Marvel is: he's Rumsy Leroy; he's an experienced professional, and you're putting him in against these kids.' I said, 'Please believe me, this isn't Leroy,' but I tried not to say it too convincingly.

"So the sports editor blasted hell out of me in the papers, and this doesn't hurt the guy any. Finally, he realized that the Masked Marvel wasn't Leroy, but he kept on trying to expose me. He discovered who the Masked Marvel was six different times, only he never had the right guy. One thing that threw them off—I always made Pica work out in the gym the same day the Masked Marvel was due to fight. Now who ever heard of a fighter working out on the same day he was fighting?

continued

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HURLEY continued

"But one night I noticed the referee was taking an extra good look at the Masked Marvel, and I figured he was getting wise. They all knew Handsome Picca, and they all knew he had blond hair and blond eyebrows, but I had him in a black stocking mask that covered everything but his eyes. So in the next fight I cut the mask to expose a little more of the eyes, and I put moustaches on his eyebrows. The next day that same referee came to me and he said, 'You know, Jack, I would have been willing to bet the Masked Marvel was Handsome Picca, but he's not. Picca has blond eyebrows, but this guy's are black.'"

To this day Hurley swears that the Masked Marvel should not have lost the one fight which finally ended the act. "I had schooled him to take a count of eight when he's knocked down. So one night he's knocked down and the referee counts 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-out. He left out the nine. So my boy has to be unruled, and I lose a good thing. And he'd won 12 straight, too."

But all was not gimicks for Hurley. He had an extraordinary ability to teach young fighters (experts have called him the best boxing teacher ever), and he soon built up seven boxing clubs in seven cities. He would send a home town boy out on the rest of the circuit, match him against easier rivals and bring the fighter back home the winner of six straight fights, a local hero. Thus the fighter would become that most valued commodity in the boxing world—a "card."

Before long Hurley had a real "card" going for him, a tough young lightweight named Billy Petrolle. It may be said retrospectively that Petrolle was the only first-class fighter Hurley ever had. Petrolle, who fought for Hurley from 1922 to 1934, never won the championship, but he drew bigger and bigger gates because of a crowd-pleasing brick-of-disaster style of boxing taught to him by his Hurley. Petrolle never had a dull fight in his whole skin of 255. He went up against Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Jimmy McLarin, all the great lightweights and welterweights of the era. People who have forgotten Petrolle's name have never forgotten his appellation, The Fargo Express. Hurley had made good

on his promise to develop a fighter who would make his home town famous.

The two—Petrolle and Hurley—had a close relationship. The financial split was 50-50, as have been all Hurley's splits (contrasted to the usual one-third for the manager). In return, Hurley does everything for the fighter except trim his fingernails. "I never wanted to see one of my fighters hurt," he says. "I never wanted one of them to fight even one more fight than they should have. One



Vince Foster in his Bible-reading stage

time I saw a fight in Miami where they brought in a lot of former champions to introduce, and they looked so pathetic up there with their cauliflower ears, grasping at their last limelight. And it made an impression on me that I didn't ever want to see one of my fighters wind up like that." Paul Gallico once wrote: "The only man I ever knew who ever had any feeling for his fighter was Jack Hurley."

Late in his career, Hurley's meal ticket, Petrolle, had an operation for elbow chips, and his deadly left hook became a nothing punch. "He fought Barney Ross in New York one night after that," Hurley recalls, "and he lost the decision. Petrolle came back to the corner at the end

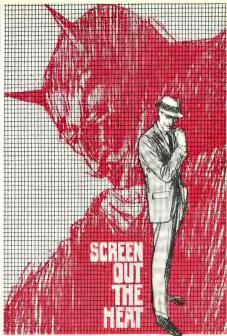
of the fight, and I said, "You got plenty of money, haven't you?" He turns to me and he says, "How about you?" I say, "Never mind about me. Now you said you'd leave it up to me to decide when you quit, right?" He said, "Yes." I said, "O.K., let's get outa here." Then I went right over to the press section and announced that they had just seen Billy Petrolle's last fight."

Petrolle took his \$300,000 and went into business in Duluth, where today he is a director of a bank. Hurley went into the hospital for his stomach operation and then picked up his hat and moved on to Chicago.

There, he managed and promoted at the Chicago Coliseum for five years. Later he became matchmaker at the Chicago Stadium; one of his shows, Zale Grunzino in 1947, established a world's indoor record gate of \$432,000. Charles Hurley: "The IBC tried ever since then to beat that record, and they couldn't do it. They tried La Motta and Robinson, and Grunzino and Robinson, and Manciano and Walcott, but the record still stands." Not that Hurley, like all matchmakers, didn't make his mistakes. Once he matched Lee Savold and Arturo Godoy who played after-you-dear-Alphonse until the referee threw them both out in the ninth round and pronounced it no contest. The boxing commission held up the purses and called Hurley in for a discussion. Did he think there was anything wrong with the fight? "Yuh," Hurley said, "it stunk. They were both too cute." Would he match them again? "Not after seeing there's action," Hurley admitted.

But what Hurley wanted to get back to was the care and feeding of fighters, and he was constantly on the lookout. "No able-bodied man is safe," he announced. In 1948 he got wind of a tough young half-Indian from Omaha who had won 15 out of 16 fights in the ring and countless others in bedrooms and barns. This was Vince Foster; Hurley took him back to a smelly, smoky two-ring "gymnasium" two fights above Chicago's runny West Madison Street, and a saggy slowly began to unfold. For month after month Hurley trained Foster in ring technique, without ever

continued



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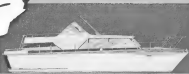
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HOW TO BUILD AN OWENS YACHT

[illegible][illegible]HURLEY *et al.*

matching him against a fighter, Foster had a tendency to box in too wide a stance; Hurley solved this in workouts by connecting a strip of inner tube between his ankles. He told Foster, "Any time two guys get in the ring, one is the gamer of the two. Vince, you must always be the gamer of the two."

Seon Foster was ready for a main event. "That first big card drew \$51,000, and we had only started to scratch the surface," says Hurley. Foster won, and now he had a little money and began going wild. During his first year with Hurley the 21-year-old Foster got drunk, broke training, disappeared frequently and blew a total of \$14,000. One day Hurley and Foster were riding in a streetcar past the Moody Memorial Church in Chicago, and Hurley observed that it costed 4,000.

"Why don't somebody get it for a fight?" asked Foster.

"Are you crazy?" Hurley said. "It's a church."

The next Sunday Foster was prowling the North Side barrooms when he passed the same church, wandered in and got religion. He telephoned Harley and said, "I'm not going to be in on Sundays anymore." Said Harley: "Don't give me any of your fresh talk. You make sure you get here."

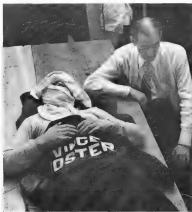
"I'm saved."

"You're drunk."

Twenty minutes later, Foster walked into the gym. "I take one look at him," recalls Hurley, "and I take off my chesters. I figure he's gonna belt me, but all he does is say, 'I just wanted to show you I'm not drunk. I'm saved.'"

Foster renounced jettobugging and the movies, gave religious testimonials, sang in choirs, carried a Bible. His wife, who had left him, came back. Huxley observed: "He was such a little leech. Now it's a pleasure to be around him." None of this publicity was harmful to Foster's status as a "card," and soon

4. *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*



Forster was a fighter of sterling promise, but his only fallow, unbroken Harry

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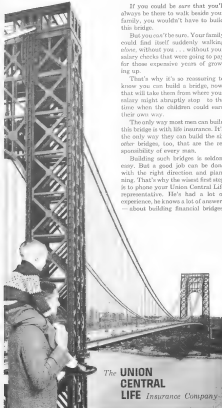
If you could be sure that you'll always be there to walk beside your family, you wouldn't have to build this bridge.

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HURLEY *continued*

Hurley matched him in Madison Square Garden against Tough Tony Pellone, a journeyman fighter who went into the ring a 12-5 favorite, was knocked out and woke up mumbled. "I never been hit so hard." Boxing was in its 18th doldrums in that year of 1949, and the writers became poetic over the Bible-toting Nataskian. *The New York Sun* proclaimed: "Foster not unlike Dempsey," and added that "he may provide the tonic that boxing needs." Lester Brenberg in the *World-Telegram* called Foster the "best-looking young fighter to break in at the Garden in years." Bill Cowan of the *Jewish-American* wrote: "What moving here in New York has been needed is Vince Foster." Clanking his Bible, the modest young fighter said, "It was the work of the Lord." And all the while Jack Hurley was sitting in his office, thinking cynical thoughts. "I hope it's true," he confided to a friend, "but a leopard don't change its spots. The literary will come out." Three weeks later Foster was picked up on a rape charge in St. Joseph, Missouri, and a \$100,000 fight with Charlie Fusari had to be canceled. Said Hurley: "He's a married man. He's got that Bible in his pocket. He knows right from wrong. You know what he deserves. He has it coming. You build a Frankenstein, and he rises up and runs you."

Foster, out on bond, returned to the church and explained, "The Lord did this to put me in my place." The rape charge was dismissed for lack of evidence (it was the girl's word against Foster's); the Fusari fight was rebokked, and before 14,000 fans in Madison Square Garden Foster was knocked out in two minutes and 26 seconds of the first round. Two months later he was killed in an automobile accident. Hurley remembers him with charity: "At his funeral in Omaha he filled the church to capacity. He was a draw right to the finish."

END

NEXT WEEK

In Part II Hurley finds a new tiger, teaches him how to box and gets him a big-money fight with Rocky Marciano.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The San Francisco Giants' Willie Mays put on a superb show of speed and savvy in a 4-2 victory over the Phillies. He was on first when Orlando Cepeda got a hit-and-run single to left. Mays flashed past second and toward third as Shortstop Ruben Amaro took the throw from the outfield and made the normal relay to second. Mays, counting on this time-honored sequence of throws, sped past third and scored easily. The Philadelphia Phillies were unable to win in six tries. Ruben Roberts, at bat when lumbering Cal Neenan tried to steal second against the Reds, swung at the pitch and missed. There was no play on Neenan at second and, thinking Roberts must have fumbled the ball, Neenan got up and started back to first. The crowd's roar alerted him as a throw was finally made to second, and he saved his stolen base by sliding in a second time. The Los Angeles Dodgers led the majors in errors (31 in 25 games), but not all were in the box scores. For example: the Milwaukee Braves trailed 6-5 in the 10th, and had Lee Maye on first when the ball was hit back to the mound. A moment's indecision by Shortstop Maury Wills and Second Baseman Charlie Neal about covering second spelled a Sacrosanct. Maye later scored and the Braves won. Although Ernie Banks boosted his average from .234 to .320, the Chicago Cubs gave away too many runs (seven unearned runs in three games) and fell to seventh. Doctors found that Pitcher Vernon Law of the Pittsburgh Pirates had a torn muscle in his right shoulder. A similar injury 10 years ago hampered Law for three

seasons. The St. Louis Cardinals finally got some good pitching—from Bob Gibson and Ray Sadecki—and won two of three. Four young pitchers—Ken Hest (23), Jim Maloney (20), Jim O'Toole (24) and Joey Jay (25)—won as the Cincinnati Reds took eight in a row. Third Baseman Gene Prosser, known for bad throws and poor base running, looked like a new player. He fielded flawlessly, started two double plays and scored from second when Philadelphia's Ruben Amaro made a diving stop of an infield hit. Newcomers Don Blasingame and Bob Schmidt did not hit well (.167 collectively), but Garry Coleman (.438) and Yada Pinaon (.421) did. Frank Robinson came up with a rare rambler when he stole third as Bob Friend of the Pirates intentionally walked Prosser.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

If the Los Angeles Angels keep up their home run pace, they will finish with 235, a major league record. If they continue their losing ways, they will finish 67½ games out of first place, also a record. The Angels hit 11 homers but won just two of five games. They trailed the Orioles 6-4, with two out in the bottom of the ninth, when Ted Kluszewski hit one out of the park. Ken Hunt singled and Earl Averill hit a game-winning home run. Hoyt Wilhelm, winning pitcher in the Baltimore Orioles' two wins in three games against the Angels, described Wiley Fiebig's inadequacies this way: "When the ball is hit, the fence seems to come in to meet it." While most teams relied on the home run, the league-leading Detroit Tigers



NEW UNIFORMS helped Andy Allon (left) win and Reddy Jock Jay (right) won his 37th, but lost four HRs, and Jay pitched one-hitter.

hit just four, but won six of seven games. In one three-game span they did not hit a homer. Instead, they got two triples, four doubles, 35 singles—and won all three. Even Chico Fernandez (.241 lifetime BA) hit well (.421). After three straight losses, the Boston Red Sox sank to seventh. Cookie Lavagetto (see page 36) batted as his Minnesota Twins lost three of five. His main worries were the loss of Shortstop Zorro Venzales (he wrenched his back while striking out) and the inability of his pinch hitters (8 for 26). Every Chicago White Sox pitcher saw duty, but to no avail. Chicago lost seven in a row, with the usually dependable relievers (Tarkenton and Ron Kerner) once each, and Gerry Staley twice) tagged for losses. Frank Beaumais, last year's ERA leader, was the major concern. His ERA went to 6.43. Good relief work by Dave Sider and a complete game by Ed Hebebrand gave the Washington Senators a split in four games, but they still were unable to win two straight. The Kansas City Athletics did win two consecutive games, beating the Red Sox 7-4 and 9-8. Ten members of the Cleveland Indians were flu victims, but even with a revamped outfield they won two from the White Sox. Then, with most of the regulars back, the Indians lost to the Senators. The New York Yankees went to Los Angeles dreaming of home runs. They got just four in three games, lost twice and slid to second place.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE				
SP	Shane Bieber	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
LA	Brian	254	300	296
LA	Brian	254	300	296
LA	Brian	254	300	296
LA	Brian	254	300	296
LA	Brian	254	300	296
LA	Brian	254	300	296

AMERICAN LEAGUE

PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
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PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Games Played	Total Runs Produced
T. Davis, LA (240)	16	10	29
Phon, LA (202)	16	11	35
Amey, LA (194)	16	11	35
Ray, SF (121)	16	10	34
Colson, PH (121)	16	10	25
Volcan, PH (121)	16	8	24
McGowan, SF (121)	16	11	24
Gonzalez, PH (121)	16	8	14
Bullard, PH (121)	16	7	22

AMERICAN LEAGUE

PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296

*Measured by runs scored (PH) from A-B

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

NATIONAL LEAGUE	SP	IP	Runs Allowed	ERA
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00
PH	Chico Fernandez	186	242	1.00

AMERICAN LEAGUE

PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
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PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296
PH	Chico Fernandez	254	300	296

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—UNITED STATES scored an all-time record 94 points in a 100-94 victory over the Soviet Union in the 1980 World Cup in Moscow. The U.S. women's team won their first gold medal in the 1980 World Cup. The U.S. team won 94-84 over the Soviet Union in the final game. The U.S. team won 94-84 over the Soviet Union in the final game. The U.S. team won 94-84 over the Soviet Union in the final game.

RYAN—YAMA BAHAMA of Florida used a winning 101 to win the 1980 Florida Open. Ryan won 101-91 over the field. Ryan won 101-91 over the field. Ryan won 101-91 over the field.

ARMY—HARVARD defeated the University of California in the 1980 Army-Navy Football Game. Army won 21-14 over Harvard. Army won 21-14 over Harvard. Army won 21-14 over Harvard.

FIELD TRIAL—RICHARD'S QUEEN'S won the 1980 Field Trial. Richard's Queen's won 101-91 over the field. Richard's Queen's won 101-91 over the field.

WASH. STATE won the 1980 Washington State Open. Wash. State won 101-91 over the field. Wash. State won 101-91 over the field.

BURCH BAIRD of California won the 1980 Burch Baird. Burch Baird won 101-91 over the field. Burch Baird won 101-91 over the field.

BOB WELLS of the University of California won the 1980 Bob Wells. Wells won 101-91 over the field. Wells won 101-91 over the field.

GYMNASIUM—JAPAN defeated the United States in the 1980 Gymnasium. Japan won 101-91 over the field. Japan won 101-91 over the field.

HANDICAP RACING—NIPPAI won the 1980 Handicap Racing. Nippai won 101-91 over the field. Nippai won 101-91 over the field.

WORLD RACING—CARRY BACK won the 1980 World Racing. Carry Back won 101-91 over the field. Carry Back won 101-91 over the field.

WASH. STATE won the 1980 Washington State Open. Wash. State won 101-91 over the field. Wash. State won 101-91 over the field.

PHILIP OF THAILAND won the 1980 Philip of Thailand. Philip of Thailand won 101-91 over the field. Philip of Thailand won 101-91 over the field.

MAINSTAY won the 1980 Mainstay. Mainstay won 101-91 over the field. Mainstay won 101-91 over the field.

LAWRENCE won the 1980 Lawrence. Lawrence won 101-91 over the field. Lawrence won 101-91 over the field.

WORLD SPORTS won the 1980 World Sports. World Sports won 101-91 over the field. World Sports won 101-91 over the field.

FIELD CONFERENCE won the 1980 Field Conference. Field Conference won 101-91 over the field. Field Conference won 101-91 over the field.

WORLD TOTTENHAM won the 1980 World Tottenham. Tottenham won 101-91 over the field. Tottenham won 101-91 over the field.

TERNS—PANCOS LONELY won the 1980 Terns. Pancos Lonely won 101-91 over the field. Pancos Lonely won 101-91 over the field.

TRAC & FILL in California won the 1980 Trac & Fill. Trac & Fill won 101-91 over the field. Trac & Fill won 101-91 over the field.

WORLD LIFTING—UNIVERSITY OF MARY won the 1980 World Lifting. University of Maryland won 101-91 over the field. University of Maryland won 101-91 over the field.

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YESTERDAY

The first Leotard

**A daring young Frenchman
on a flying trapeze floated into
the vocabulary of the world**

by MARY VANAMAN O'GORMAN

The provocative garment known today as a leotard has long been the standard uniform for acrobats at work. It was a commonplace even in the Paris of a century ago, though there was nothing commonplace whatever about the young man who gave it his name. He



LÉOTARD LOVED POSING IN A LÉOTARD

was Jules Léotard, the original daring young man on the flying trapeze.

Clad in what was then commonly known as a *saïlot*, the ordinary practice costume of a gymnast or an acrobat, Jules soared into the consciousness of Parisian circusgoers on the night of November 12, 1859 when, by means of a complex arrangement of ropes, rings and horizontal bars such as none had ever seen before, he set himself flying birdlike through the air over the tanbark in a

(Continued)



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Leotard *continued*

brilliant series of death-defying poses, turns, wild pirouettes and somersaults. "Reckless breakneck flights from trapeze to trapeze," wrote one entranced witness, "like some tropical bird swooping from branch to branch leaving a dazzling but blurred impression of his vivid plumage."

It is difficult today to comprehend the extraordinary impact this debut made upon those who witnessed it. True, the art of the jongleur was a popular one at the time, and the young performer himself was a devastatingly handsome fellow, with curly brown hair and a broad-shouldered, compact frame described by one contemporary as "elegant rather than athletic." But handsome young men are not so rare, and even in 19th-century France, circus acrobats were relatively common. The thing that gripped the imagination of Paris—indeed, of all Europe—and set Jules Leotard apart from the rest was the fact that while they flip-flopped monotonously on fixed bars, he flew through the air with the greatest of ease in a dreamy, rhythmical, fanciful flight that charmed audiences.

The biggest crowds in Europe fell over each other trying to book Leotard. He could demand, and got, the unheard-of price of 500 francs a performance (about \$95 at that time). Long lines justified at the box office where he was billed. Smart shops featured Leotard cakes, cravens, brooches, even pastries. The humble *swiss* was rechristened the leotard in honor of its most famed wearer; the impact of his success is reflected in the fact that it has been the leotard ever since. In the last centurys years of the Second Empire, the acrobat Leotard was a brilliant gem in the imperial crown, the focus of every eye, the fascinating topic of every conversation.

His father had also been an acrobat, but Jules was reared in the kind of solid, middle-class tradition common to the civil servant, or small businessman, ambitious for greater things for his children. Born August 3, 1838 in Toulouse, where his father had founded a new school of gymnastics, he was given all the bourgeois advantages. He had piano lessons (which he loathed), the edifying trip to a foreign city (London, which he found chilly), the sound schooling that led to training for a profession (the law). And on his graduation from school at 17, his father gave him the standard gentleman's pocket watch in a flip-open hawing case. Leotard's parents eagerly



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started the day when their son and only child would quit the family gymnasium and take his place in society as a respected practitioner of some learned profession. But when the choice between "the robes of a lawyer and the mailer of a gymnast" confronted him, young Jules didn't hesitate. "The trapeze," he wrote, "was my natural cradle." He missed the chance to make an etymological pun, for *mailier* is also the French word for swaddling clothes.

He and the trapezes swinging

One day when Jules, in his late teens, was working out in his father's gym, he thought of a tremendous new *grand exercice*, which involved the foolish and foolhardy notion of using loosely hanging trapeze bars and leaping from one to the other while they were in motion. To attempt it, however, he needed someone to start the second trapeze swinging. "Absolument non," was his father's instant reply to the suggestion. "C'est impossible." But when Papa Léotard left Jules sought the help of another pupil, set the trapezes swinging and "fully confident, launched myself into the air. The other trapeze was sent off, and for better or worse, it came into my hands. I was *à la paille* at the end of the turn, but *le tour était fait*, and like Archimedes I cried, "Eureka!"

From this start, trapeze flying was developed into today's glittering, sophisticated complex of shuffling, looping, crisscrossing acrobatic feats, performed breath-takingly high in the air with a whole troupe of catchers and flyers performing at once. Léotard *pièce* gave in, became his son's catcher and helped him to evolve a routine that required two trapezes and a pair of round or triangular rings, all hung at some distance apart from an overhead beam. Underneath, raised a few feet from the floor, lay a long, padded plank. At one end was a platform for Léotard *fixé*. Papa stood at the other end on his own platform (in full-dress suit at public performances) and swung a trapeze toward his son, timing it so that Jules could throw himself from one hold to another. The two of them elaborated this drill and tried it out on pupils and visitors to the gymnasium. Word got around; professional acrobats, many of them old friends of M. Léotard, began stopping by in Toulouse to catch the act. Soon France's foremost circus impresario, Louis Dejean, got wind of the matter and sent scouts. They returned with such extraordinary reports that Dejean himself journeyed to Tou-

open



and shut



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Léopard continued

louse. He put the young gymnast through his paces for three long hours and refused to leave until he had persuaded Jules's reluctant parents to approve an engagement the following August at the Cirque de l'Impératrice in Paris.

The big chance was missed

Not yet 21, the Toulouseain was owed by Paris and terrified at the thought of exposing his little *exercice* to the enormous city's sophisticated eye. As he and his father saw to the installation of the rigging and platform from which he was to make his revolutionary flights, Jules felt that he was "constructing his own catafalque." His fever of anxiety soon brought him to the point of real fever—a serious onslaught of typhoid. He was ill for a month, and the disease left him limp, his muscles useless. His big chance seemed to have passed. His father took him back to Toulouse. But within a month Léopard had again recovered his strength, his timing and his nerve. His momentous debut was rescheduled for November, this time at Paris' Cirque-Napoleon, and there his success was instantaneous and overwhelming.

Experts on acrobatics proclaimed that Léopard's act "surpassed in elegance, grace and boldness all that which had been done before in the art." Europe's top circus stars, ordinarily a jealous lot and not easily impressed, honored the



LÉOPARD PÈRE (LEFT FOREGROUND) WAS

newcomer in unprecedented fashion with a grand banquet and presented him with a gold medal engraved to commemorate his performance. But it was the amazing response of the insatiable ladies of Paris that made Léotard—and his awflor—truly a legend.

Night after night the women of Paris fought like wildcats for choice seats beneath his swinging perch at the Cirque-Napoléon. One night, writes Léotard, "the battle began virtually at my feet, the moment I started my exercise. Unfortunately I had to throw myself into space, but in order not to lose sight of this amusing skirmish, I did a special somersault back to my trapeze in time to see a furious brunette give a blonde a swat on the head that would have done credit to a first-class boxer."

The prude in which Léotard's admirers peered him would never have won the approval of such advocates of austerity in style as Flaubert. One girl wrote: "Léotard, you are too handsome, too seductive. You are the first and last of my caprices. I have lost all my guile. I have frightful dreams at night. I suffer, yes I suffer. Come to me. Only let me press your hand and kiss it. That will suffice for my happiness. Léotard, be as good as you are celebrated."

From every level of Parisian society the letters flowed in. It was, in his words, "a deluge of incredible literature, provoked by my appearance as awflor." "Please pardon a poor woman who has

Quaffmanship



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Eschever of shikaleths—the Traveling Quaffer is no man to tarry in the Tower of London, the Eiffel Tower, Leaning Tower or Tower of Babel. Here he can be found floating happily in a dingy down the kings of Saigon past golden temples and meowing jungles; or prowling amid the ruins of the lost civilization of Angkor Thom, or possibly retracing Phileas Fogg's frenetic route around the world in 80 days—complete with paucity.

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With Carlsberg—spirits soar, conversation crackles. It is an extraordinary beer, a decidedly individual (even as you and I) beer with a lovely golden color all its own. Carlsberg is so pleasant to the palate that

you need not acquire a taste for it. You just fall in love with it at first quaff. It is incredibly good going down and there is absolutely no bitterness afterward. Nausea.

But enough of words. Carlsberg is for drinking. Ask for it at your favorite fine eating place or at fine stores in your neighborhood in any of the 111 countries in which it is sold. If the answer is no—remember! Carlsberg is not in short supply. There are 70 franchised acres devoted to the production of Carlsberg—the glorious beer of Copenhagen. What?

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Léotard *continued*

lost her head while admiring yours," began one letter. "I will wait for you on Wednesday. My address is . . ."

Much too prudent to answer these supplications, Léotard simply tossed them all in a desk drawer, where they lay until a newspaper friend prevailed upon the grinnest to publish them. Full of contempt for this dossier of foolish virgins, the young celebrity—with a sharp eye for public relations—nevertheless knew on which side of his pole the pole was thickest and promptly rushed a volume of *Mémoires* off to the printers with a generous sampling of the mush notes included. He prefaced the book with a ringing tribute to the newspapermen of Europe "who have contributed so much to extend my reputation," and filled many of the remaining paragraphs with penitences of modesty in which he deplored any tendency on the part of those in the public eye to seek out publicity. "That," explained the idol of Paris to his readers, "is why I have abstained from publishing my photograph."

He never scoffed at a franc

The abstention was, of course, a cruel trick to play on the adoring ladies of Paris, but then, as M. Léotard well knew, anyone hungry enough for a glimpse of a flying young man in a daring gym suit could always go to the circus and buy a ticket. A man to whom figures in an acrobat book were far more vivid than a figure *en mailles*, Jules Léotard was never one to scoff at an extra franc. At the conclusion of his most triumphant tour of Prussia, Prince Frédéric himself rewarded the acrobat with the personal gift of a gleaming *frédéric d'or*. Léotard, in a letter of acknowledgment, thanked the prince coolly and enclosed a receipt for "one gold piece, worth 25 francs and 50 centimes."

For 10 years Léotard toured the great cities of Europe—Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Berlin. It was as brilliant a career as an entertainer had ever had, but it was a brief one. When he was only 31 he fell ill with smallpox while playing an engagement in Spain. In three days he was dead. "Like another young conqueror, Alexander," wrote one of his insurers, "Léotard enslaved the capitals of the civilized world."

The symbol of the enlèvement survives in a gym suit suddenly restored to fashion some years ago. People who may never have heard of Jules Léotard use his name every day.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TALE OF TWIN CITIES

Sir:

Let's face it. It's men like Walter Ringham who perpetuate the old romantic idea of a feud between the Twin Cities (*See Feed Me an old Feed*, May 1). One may certainly find people and statements that show discord, but I can assure you that feelings are better today than they ever have been.

ALLAN D. GOSFREY

Minneapolis

Sir:

Minneapolis and St. Paul are forgetting past differences. This is our bull club.

RAY G. MOCK

St. Paul

Sir:

If it's an error on the part of promoters to whip up interest in a dead Twin Cities sporting event (hush!), then forget your original intent—sports for sports alone—and let your wonderful writers turn their journalistic efforts to more "big-city" achievements, such as covering "big-time" gambling (your locale) or "provincial" games.

MRS. JOHN A. PRICE

Minneapolis

Sir:

Any lack of resounding fan response was, in my humble opinion, not to division between St. Paul and Minneapolis, but to extremely poor publicity and insufficient accommodations.

Metropolitan Stadium is not in the most favorable location possible. Of nine parking lots at the stadium, only two had been paved by opening day.

April in Minnesota, by and large, is not baseball weather. Saturday was excellent, but Sunday (attendance 13,408) was as cold and miserable a day as you could find at this time of the year.

THE REV. QUINCY F. KENNEDY

St. Paul

Sir:

You have published an article written apparently by a master propagandist by name of Walter Ringham. Most of his statements are true but, like most propaganda, they are incomplete.

The animosity between the Twin Cities is that of brothers. Things are always lively in a sporting way between us, but events of quality are supported by both cities regardless of location.

HARRY HOGAN

Minneapolis



HUNTSMAN WHOSE MOUNT DID NOT REFUSE JUMP ENDS UP, LIKE HIS HORSE, IN DUST

SHARP PUP

Sir:

If that dog Peggy is so smart (*A Few Questions for a Poodle Named Peg*, April 24), why doesn't she teach people to speak dog instead of monkeying around with all that card jazz?

MARTHA NELSON

South Lancaster, Mass.

Sir:

The exploration of Peg's powers must be an extraordinary one. No dog could master the human language as Peg has by training alone.

JOE FERGOT

Athens, Calif.

Sir:

Several years ago I was introduced to a 5-year-old female collie on a wheat farm near Spokane.

Her owner thoroughly shuffled a deck of ordinary playing cards, face cards having been removed, and dealt 12 of them face down on the floor. As he pointed at each card at random, Chom correctly barked the number of spots—without a miss, as we discovered in turning over each card in turn after she had trotted it for us.

ROD KLOS

Great Falls, Mont.

● A marked deck?—ED.

SHOOTING PINK

Sir:

The West Hills Hunt has "happily fractured tradition" in more ways than one (*Pink Coats in the Sage*, May 8). The hunting scarlet coat is worn by women only if

they are lady hunters. I can detect at least two scarlet-coated ladies, and neither appears to be the M.F.H.

And what would Mr. Jarracks say to a master, like John Bowler, who dodges the pistol for the gate?

D. ARTHUR ZOLL

Knoxville, Tenn.

● Hunting tradition generally frowns on pink for ladies, but it also gives the master the right to decide what his hunt shall wear. As for that jump: for the fate of one who tried it, see above.—ED.

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BERT AND FAITH ISRAEL

Seasoned beginners

Rare is the Penguin sailor in southern California competition who hasn't seen Bert and Faith Israel's varnished and polished Penguin Chilly dead ahead and moving away. For more than 50 years the Israels, both now in their 70s, have been winning races on San Diego Bay. Victory on the water comes naturally to Bert, who was born in a lighthouse overlooking the bay and learned to sail in a 35-foot sandbagger—"a raft with a gannysack sail," he recalls. Faith was converted soon after meeting Bert. "He began courting me on a sailboat in 1908," she says, "a year before we were married.

We've been sailing together ever since."

The couple bought their first Penguin in 1942 (the Chilly is their eighth). Proof of their success is a gigantic glass case in their living room that bulges with trophies. "Bert is a pretty good skipper," Faith admits, "but he thinks I'm a terrible crew."

"I can't tell whether she's good or bad, because she's the only crew I've had for 53 years," says Bert. But he has no intention of making a change at this late date. "We'll be racing together as long as we can hoist a sail," he says. "Why, we're just beginning to get good at it."

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